# WOMEN IN THE MISSION FIELD

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# WOMEN IN THE MISSION FIELD

BY

CHARLES F. HAYWARD

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# Women Missionaries.

## MRS. JOHNSTON OF THE WEST INDIES.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE SLAVE AT WORK.

TO understand the nature of Mrs. Johnston's work in the West Indies you must know something of the country and the way in which the chief industries are carried on.

The West Indies lie in the Atlantic Ocean, between this country and South America, nearer to the American shores than to any other mainland. You may, therefore, look upon them as being American islands. It was to one of them, viz., San Salvador, that Columbus came when he was on his well-known voyage of discovery. He thought he was travelling to India by a westward route, and for that reason the islands are called the West Indies. There are a large number of them. They are warm in climate and are suitable for the growth of cotton, tobacco, sugar, and other such things of which we use great quantities in this country. These products are grown in what are called *plantations*. The owner is the *planter*, and, for the most part, the worker is a negro. The negro has been imported from Africa, and

it is by reason of this that so much wrong has been done to his race.

Let me tell you in what way.

There have been times when the people of an African village were living in happiness and contentment—in so far, of course, as they knew what comfort was. They toiled in their own gardens and fields; they had their own homes; they were their own masters, and could use their time as they pleased. They could go where they wished, could do what they wanted, and could look upon themselves as being free.

Alas! the white man went to Africa, and considered that the African was less a man than himself. He thought what a cheap workman he could have if he seized the African, dragged him to his ship, and carried him off. Over and over again this was done. Slave ships plied along both the east and the west coast, and landed parties of men who went into the districts round about, carrying off whomsoever they could get.

If the Africans resisted, they were either loaded with chains or injured in such a way as to prevent them from making their escape. Sometimes they were even killed, though this did not serve the purpose of the slavers, who wanted live creatures who were able to work. Men, women, and children were thus seized. The slavers tied them together in long lines, fastened heavy weights on their ankles, and drove them to the coasts.

The cruelty must have been terrible. The line of slaves was started from a village. Strong fathers wept at leaving the place where they had been

born and which they loved; they could hear behind them the crackling of their homes, for the slavers always set fire to the villages when they had robbed them of their people; they walked slowly and painfully along. If they grew tired and showed signs that they wanted rest, they were flogged with knotted whips and made to proceed.

Mothers carried their little ones in their arms and wept too. What was going to become of them they did not know. Sometimes their little ones were taken away from them and thrown aside to die in the heat of the sun. The mothers would then have less to carry, and could keep up with the men all the more easily.

Little children followed the older people, and, although they did not understand why they were being taken away or where they were going, the tears of their fathers and mothers told them all too clearly that there was something wrong. If a man fell sick by the way, he was untied from the rest and left to die. When the party reached the coast, the Africans were thrust beneath the decks of the ships, still in chains, and carried across the sea. Many thousands were in this way taken to the West Indies.

On arriving at the harbour the ships were unloaded and the Africans put up for sale. They stood in rows along the quays, and planters walked up and down in front of them, and if they were satisfied with them they bought them with money just as though they had been oxen or horses. Now they had become *slaves*. Their owners, or masters, could do with them whatsoever

they wished, flog them, injure them, aye, even shoot them dead. They were carried off to the plantations and there made to work.

It was to the masters' interests to treat their slaves well so far as food was concerned, for they knew that if a workman was not strong and healthy the work he would be able to do would not be profitable. For this reason the slaves were well fed. As to their homes, they were not so comfortable. Long rows of huts were built on the edges of the plantations, and when work was done the slaves were driven into these like horses are driven to their stalls. They were not allowed to leave their huts when once they were in, so that one slave could not make friends with another.

The lives of the slaves were most wretched. It sometimes happened at the place of sale that a husband would be bought by one planter and his wife by another. They would never see each other again unless the plantations to which they were sent were adjoining each other. If this were the case, and it often was, the husband might look across the boundary and see his wife hard at work, perhaps with her baby, his child, slung across her back. He might hear his little one cry for "dada," but dada was unable to go or to make the least reply. Whole families were often divided, and the scenes at parting were heart-rending.

To make sure that the slaves did their work to the full amount and well the planters appointed men over them. These were called *overseers*. An overseer might be a kind-hearted man and then the slave would have a fairly comfortable time of

it so long as he did the work he was set to do. Alas! it often happened that the overseer was a brute. With some planters, the more severe an overseer was, the better they would consider the task of overlooking would be done.

A cruel overseer might use the lash as often as he liked, and the swish, as it cut the air and fell on the bare shoulders of the slave, would sound like music in his ears. He would laugh and jeer at the wailings of his slaves, and flog them without any reason but that he might have some fun.

Men slaves were allowed to have wives, but their children were looked upon as belonging to their masters. Many slaves were in this way born in the plantations. Some of these were taken into the homes of the planters, and brought up to be household servants. The girls helped to sew and nurse, while the boys did the hard work. Their lives, however, were somewhat happier than those of their less fortunate brothers and sisters who had to work in the plantations. Happier though they might be, they could never forget they were slaves. Few ever got back their freedom.

All that I have told you about slaves was permitted by our English government until the 31st of July, 1834. On that night at twelve o'clock every slave became free. Twenty million pounds was paid by our government for their ransom. It was a glorious night for them. As the clocks struck the hour of twelve, they waited in silence as one by one the sounds died away. When the twelfth was struck, a mighty burst of cheers rent the air. "We are free! We are free!" they

cried. Rings were formed, the people clasped each other's hands, they hugged and kissed each other in their joy.

Hardly any of the liberated slaves went back to Africa. They had grown used to the West Indies and the work they had had to do, and for the most part they were content to continue on the plantations and serve for wages.

## CHAPTER II.

### A MISSIONARY AMONG THE SLAVES.

AS far back as the year 1807, that is nearly thirty years before the slaves were granted their freedom, we find in the records of the Wesleyan Missionary Society that the Rev. George Johnston was appointed Missionary to Kingston in Jamaica, one of the West Indian Islands. His wife, whom he had married but a short time before, was a devoted and faithful servant of God. She knew that the work she would have to do as a missionary's wife would bring her much sorrow and soreness of heart, for it would be among the despised and wretched slaves on the plantations. She undertook it with cheerfulness. She knew that in God's sight the soul of one man is worth as much as the soul of another; she knew that God does not love men in proportion as they are rich. "I yearn to carry the Glad Tidings to the slaves," she wrote, "and may God bless my labours."

Now you must know that before Mrs. Johnston and her husband set out for Kingston, there had been an attempt to teach the slaves about the love of God. At first, the planters did not so much object to it, but for some reason or other, there came a time when no missionary was allowed in the slave-quarters of the plantations. Most of the planters were worldly men, and cared a great deal more for wealth than they cared for the salvation of their slaves.

The overseers, in some cases, had reported that the missionaries spoiled the slaves for their next day's work. They said that the singing in the huts of some prevented others from enjoying a night's rest. They also said that the slaves were being taught that their masters were no better than they, and thus their task of keeping the slaves at work was harder than it had been before.

Accordingly when Mr. and Mrs. Johnston reached Kingston they found there were some very strict rules to be observed. One of them was this: "No person should teach or preach under penalty of fine, imprisonment, or whipping, according to the condition in life of the offender." Another was: "No person should conduct a service for slaves before six o'clock in the morning, or after sunset, under a penalty not more than £100, or imprisonment, or both." Masters, too, who permitted their slaves to be taught were subject to a fine of £20. The King of England at the time, George III., would not give his permission to these rules, but they were carried out all the same.

In those days it was not so easy to punish offenders against the king's wishes across the seas, so far away from the mother country, as it is to-day. Thus the missionaries were a persecuted people. To give an example: one night a young missionary was speaking to a family of negroes in their hut. He was earnest in his words, and his listeners were attentive. Time went rapidly on, and sunset passed by. The missionary did not notice this, but stayed a little longer for the purpose of teaching another verse of a hymn which had been begun the evening before. He was pounced upon by the overseer, dragged to his master, and afterwards cast into prison—for breaking the rules.

Under such circumstances as these the Johnstons found out that their labours in Kingston would be of no use. For a time they went to Montego, where the rules were not so strictly observed. It was painful for them, for they knew they were leaving a work of necessity. Their minds were ill at ease, for they did not know the moment when they might be turned adrift from their new station.

In the meantime Mrs. Johnston did what she could even at the risk of imprisonment. You might often have seen her at evening-time with a group of female slaves, speaking to them in whispers, listening all the time for footsteps outside the hut. There would be no light, for that would have betrayed her presence. But the light of God shone in the hearts of many by reason of these secret meetings. They continued for some

months, and then Mr. Johnston grew fearful on his wife's behalf, and obtained leave from the society at home for another removal.

This time they went to the island of Dominica. It was a journey of nearly a thousand miles by sea, and when they reached the island they found that their new home was built in a marshy district, and was in consequence very unhealthy. Living there would be running a great risk, but they gladly undertook the mission, knowing full well that it was one of the places where they might preach and teach in quiet and peace.

An event which happened on their nearing Dominica is of interest. Dominica was in sight. There it lay before them as a long, low-lying beach. In half a day they would be safely at anchor in the harbour. All at once the vessel, a very poor and old one, sprang a leak. The water rushed into the ship fast and steadily. The pumps were got to work, and every sailor and male passenger had to buckle to the task. Still the water rushed in. A sailor was sent below to examine and report. "All is lost!" cried he, as he returned to the deck. "In half an hour we shall be beneath the waves."

Suddenly the water ceased to gain on the pumps. The vessel floated higher in the waves, and soon it was seen that she could yet be saved. The captain steered for the nearest point of land. Every sail blew in the breeze. Nearer and yet nearer the ship hove towards the shore. Safe! Safe! Not a passenger was lost. What had happened? The ship was once more examined,

and lo! in the leak a bung, to which a huge piece of seaweed had grown, was firmly lodged. It had been driven in by the waves as closely as if it had been made to fit and had been driven in by a mallet.

Mr. Johnston put their escape down to the goodness of God in direct answer to prayer, for, while he had been taking his turn at the pumps, his wife, with that perfect trust she had always shown in God's promises, had gone to her cabin, and on her knees had asked: "O God, if it be Thy will for my husband and Thy poor servant to labour yet a little while longer on behalf of the down-trodden, the broken-hearted slaves, I beseech Thee, beach this ship. Thy will be done!"

At St. Rupert's, in the island of Dominica, the Johnstons once more began to labour. God had spared them from a watery grave, and surely He would crown their work with blessing. Everything around them was sorrowful, and their hearts bled for the poor to whom they ministered. Oftentimes Mr. Johnston was called away to a distant part of the island, for the district under his charge extended for many miles.

Then were Mrs. Johnston's greatest trials. If she were sick, there were no friends to nurse her. If she were low-spirited, there was none to soothe. At such times she thought of her husband and his success more than she did of herself. In her last sickness she wrote the following touching letter to him. It was found after death in her desk, carefully sealed and tied so that no eyes

but his should see the tear-drops which wetted her words of grief, and that no heart but his should know of her anxiety for him.

"My dearly beloved husband, if it should please Almighty God to call me home before your arrival, may He support and comfort you. Had I thousands of gold and silver, they should be yours, for you are worthy of them. I have, however, nothing to leave you but my love and my best wishes for your eternal welfare. With my whole heart I pray God to bless you in time and in eternity. I hear a voice within me saying, 'Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.' And feeling that Jesus is mine and I am His, I have commended my soul into His hands, and I know that He will keep it unto the day of His appearing. And, under His care, I commit my body to the earth, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ. My spirit is glad of being eternally with my heavenly Father. I shall be filled with His glory.

"Let my body be buried in a plain, simple manner. My motto is: 'A sinner saved by grace. A brand plucked from the fire.' Oh! my dear husband, take heed to the ministry put into your charge by the Lord Jesus Christ. Preach the Glad Tidings of God's love to mankind in such a way as to save your own soul, and also those who hear you. Be faithful of the important trust, not fearing the frowns of a wicked world. Despise its smiles, constantly make it your study to please God, and keep a conscience void of offence before

God and man. Let your eye be fixed on God's glory and the good of souls: and let your own soul be your special care. Then you will know how to preach and how to live so that at last, when your Lord comes to reckon with His servants, you may be found one of those who having received five talents have gained five others. Then you will be sure of a blessed reward.

"Oh! that I could say, 'Follow me as I have followed Christ.' But I can say what is better: 'Follow Christ Himself.' He is the perfect pattern of His Church and of His ministers. If you follow Him you shall never miss your way. I know He hath loved me; and He will now upon the margin of the eternal world give me the witness of it, for I can shout 'Victory' over death and the grave."

A messenger went post-haste to bring Mr. Johnston home to his dying wife. He came only to find her sinking fast. She could neither speak to him nor show signs that she knew him. Then she got better, friends sang and prayed with her by turns, and she often smiled and showed that her trust in her Lord was certain and sure. In four days she had passed away. Her death was all the more sad because, at the moment of departure, Mr. Johnston, having been seized by the same marsh fever, lay in an adjoining room at the point of death, and, before he could recover, his wife's body had been laid beneath the soil.

To a friend, Dr. Coke, Mr. Johnston wrote of his wife's death in these words: "I received news

of her death with such feelings as I cannot describe. I was, nevertheless, resigned to do the will of God. Though I had reason to be glad on her account, because of the great advantage she has gained by her release, yet tears of sorrow flowed from my eyes on account of the great loss which both the Church and myself have suffered. She more than made up my place in my absence when I was forced to be away on Sundays. She was a true help-meet for me in body and in soul."

For four years only had Mrs. Johnston toiled. Yet her work still lives. To-day the slaves are free. They hold worship to the Father-God in their own churches and chapels, without fear or constraint; and in many of them is the Word of God taught by ministers of their own race.

# MRS. ROBERT MOFFAT OF KURUMAN.

## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY DAYS AND MARRIAGE.

THE childhood days of Mary Smith were spent happily at Dunkinfield. Her father, James Smith, a Perthshire man by birth, was a properous nursery-gardener, a non-conformist, and a very pious man. Mary attended the Moravian School at Fairfield, where, for many years afterwards, she was remembered with affection by her teachers and by all with whom she had to do. From her early youth she worked with a class of children and helped in many ways in the worship at the Albion Independent Chapel, Ashton-under-Lyne.

In the minute-book of that chapel there is an interesting entry, which relates her departure from Ashton to join her future husband, the Rev. Robert Moffat, in mission work. It reads: "The church had not been long formed when one of its members went out to live and labour among the heathen in South Africa. In 1819, Mary Smith, of the Dunkinfield Nursery, departed for the Kuruman, where she safely arrived, and was married to the Rev. Robert Moffat. Her father was an old Independent. One who saw her tells that when service was sometimes held in a carpenter's shop in Cricket's Lane, she was there, ever active and attentive to all. She often

set the benches and other furniture of the place so as to give as much comfort as possible to those who attended, found the hymns for strangers, and invited people to come. The missionary spirit which was in her then has rendered her, through a long, hard, and honourable life, the worthy help-meet of her husband, the well-known apostle of the Bechwanas."

With her lover away in the wilds of South Africa, she must often have thought of him in his solitude. She could be of use to him there, and could get him comforts which she knew he must need. What wonder then that she made up her mind to join him. It was a hard thing to do in those days, and many of their friends did their best to get her to change her mind and wait for his return.

In a letter to Mr. Moffat's parents, whom she did not know at the time, she says, "After two years and a half of the most painful anxiety, I have, through the tender mercy of God, obtained leave of my dear parents to proceed, some time next spring, to join your dear son in his difficult work. This is what I by no means expected a week ago; but, God's thoughts are not our thoughts. When He arises, every mountain falls down at His presence. He has the heart of all men in His hands, and can turn them as the rivers of water. So he has done with regard to my parents.

"Till Robert's last letters came my father persisted in saying that I should never have his consent, and my dear mother has always declared that my going would break her heart. I have no

sister, and my mother is far advanced in life. Notwithstanding all this, they both yesterday calmly resigned me into the hands of the Lord, declaring they could no longer withhold me. The idea of parting, perhaps for ever, with my beloved parents appears almost too much for me. Sometimes I think I shall never get launched on the ocean before grief weighs me down; but so strongly do I feel my duty that I believe if I were to remain here another year it would then be out of my power to go, for I must sink under the weight of a guilty conscience, when I think of Robert's trying situation and the strong affection he seems to bear to me.

"When he last wrote he was quite well, very happy in his work, but quite alone. He seldom sees a white face. The people are nearly all Namaquas. They are very kind and devoted to him. It must be trying to parental feelings (as well as to mine) to think of a dear child being alone in a strange land among savages; but, let us remember that Abraham's God is his God, that the Divine promise belongs to him and to his companions in self-denial: 'Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!'"

Surely Mary must have had a brave heart, and a mind full of courage. To her parents she wrote: "I hope you have not wished to recall that which you have resigned. No, I trust you are more and more sure that you have done right. I cannot describe to you the secret pleasure it gave me to see you both give up in such a Christian-like manner. For my own part I have sometimes

thought I could bear to be stripped of every earthly comfort if I might enjoy the Divine presence in times of such troubles as I have borne of late. You will be well aware that the struggle in my own breast is very great; yes, it is so much so, that I dare not reflect closely upon it. The battle has been the Lord's. He has brought me off more than conqueror by His own almighty arm."

Ships sailed to Africa but rarely in those days, and it was some time before Mary was able to set out on her lone, lone journey. At last the opportunity came, and she was fortunate enough to secure a passage to the Cape in a ship which sailed from Cowes in the Isle of Wight. She bade farewell to those at home and made the journey to London by coach. There she passed a few weeks among friends, who did their best to cheer the young girl and to buoy up her courage.

At Gosport she was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Bogue. This Christian family gave her a hearty welcome to their home, and were with her when the ship weighed anchor and passed silently down the Channel.

A letter from Mrs. Bogue to Mary's mother is of interest at this point. She says: "After having had your lovely and interesting daughter an inmate of our family, I cannot but feel deeply for you and Mr. Smith on being called to part with her at such a distance. Great must have been your trial, but the sacrifice you have made is not too great for Him who gave up Himself for you. 'The best child is not too good for God.' He gave her to you, and He has demanded her back

again, and He can and will be better to you than ten thousand such daughters, lovely and excellent though she is. He has highly honoured you in giving you such a daughter, and calling her to fill such a high post on earth as that of a Christian missionary, the highest she could fill. While with us Miss Smith was in excellent health and spirits, looked well and was cheerful, and in a very happy and suitable frame of mind. She sailed last Thursday, and is, we suppose, by this time safely across the Bay of Biscay, as the wind has been favourable."

Yes, the good ship sped on her way, and Robert Moffat who had just returned to Cape Town from a journey inland, had the untold joy of meeting his Mary when she first landed on the shores of Africa. The marriage was a happy one. Mary wrote to her mother and said: "We have received each other from the Lord, and are happy."

By the same mail Robert Moffat wrote to his wife's parents: "Mary, my own dear Mary, is now far distant from a land endeared to her; the place which gave her birth, and which still contains a circle of friends, who are entwined round her heart. She is now separated from those scenes and from you, but let this comfort you, that, although in a land of strangers, she is under the care of our ever-present God, and united to one who speaks as he feels when he promises to be father, mother, and husband to Mary, and will never forget the sacrifice you have made in letting me have the future care of your only daughter."

Thus was a new life begun by Mary Moffat.

She had entered into a land where missionaries were greatly despised. She had bidden adieu to a home with all its comforts and delights, and entered upon a time of hardships, toil, shame, and reproach for her Master's sake.

## CHAPTER II.

### AT GRIQUA TOWN.

As soon as possible the Moffats started on a journey into the interior of the country. For hundreds of miles their way led them across a desolate region, after which they passed into the Bushman territory, a dreary waste of land which reaches to the southern bank of the Orange River. For seven weeks had they been on the road travelling in ox-wagons, and were now six hundred miles from Cape Town. The river was low, and a ford was easily found. On they went, and in two days more Griqua Town was reached.

On the way Mrs. Moffat was much impressed by the country. It was so strange to her after England. From a little village, where at the time there were only two houses, she wrote home, and this is part of what she said: "We have had much of our heavenly Father's love while traversing the barren, sandy desert. I like wagon-travelling better than I expected. It is not tiring. I have had none of those hardships I looked for. Our table is generally well spread, better than we shall have it when we have settled down in our station;

this is partly owing to Mr. Campbell being with us, and partly owing to Mr. Moffat's being well known in the country and receiving liberal presents.

"I never met with so much kindness in my life as we have had shown to us in Africa, though the Dutch are considered fond of saving. We have met with many French refugees. They settled down here in one of the deep valleys near the Paarl, where, as a people, they still reside. The name of the place is Frans Hoek; but, as might be expected, they are a little scattered. What I have seen of them are very nice people, and retain the savour of the Gospel among them. I could not but feel a regard for them when I saw them, as their forefathers were cruelly persecuted for the Gospel's sake.

"Since the 31st of last month we have been in a perfect desert, called the Karroo, and, in the last ten days, never saw but one house till last night, about two hours' ride from here. For eight of those days we have been on the banks of the Gamka River. The banks of the river are thick with the long-thorned mimosa, which is very, very beautiful. In some places I have seen the old tree fallen by age, and from the root a large, young tree, and both clinging to each other. Everything in the desert, except the mimosa, has a blue and yellow sickly hue with the salt-petre.

"We have scarcely seen any grass for a fortnight, and Mr. Campbell remarked that we had need to put on our spectacles to look for a blade of it. The water is a little brackish, but not much. The

roads have been very good indeed, in many parts as fine as any turnpike-road in old England. We met many Boers on the road and we gave them tracts, with which they seemed pleased, for they seldom see a book except their old massy, finely-gilt family Bibles, kept more as a piece of furniture than for use. I think I never saw so many fine-looking Bibles in my life as those I have seen since I came to Africa.

"The place where we now are is the newly-formed district where our missionary Taylor has a church, which, by the bye, is only a room in a farm-house, with two beds in it. I have been in many odd-looking places of worship, but never saw one like that. There are only six houses in the place."

After many delays the little party reached Griqua Town. Griquas, Hottentots, Bushmen, and some Bechwanas were the inhabitants—a mixed people as you may see. A very interesting letter from Mrs. Moffat describes the place and people better than any other words can do.

"I dare say my friends in England often wonder how we get on in our home affairs. In some—awkward; in others—pretty well. For instance, in this part of the country it is the custom to have the kitchen apart from the house. The kitchen becomes the common place of resort, and if one turns one's back perhaps half of the food is gone, and spoons, knife, fork, or whatever lies about, is away. The kitchens are generally such places as no English person can sit in, because there is no chimney and the place is full of smoke,

and it must all go out at the door or not at all. Add to this the wood-fire which needs the care of one person to attend to it, and you will see how uncomfortable a place it is.

"Those who have good houses have what is called a fore-house. It is the place of entrance. The outer door renders it cool and comfortable, which door is in the middle, as in a hall; and the place is generally the largest in the house. It is the house-place of the family, where they eat, iron, fold the clothes, etc. At each end of this place there is a small room, one of them the bedroom, the other the private sitting-room, study, or whatever you may call it. Behind are detached pack-houses attached to the dwelling-houses.

"If I want a little coffee, sugar, or butter, I like to have it at least a little nearer the house than they have it. Custom seems to have established this awkward system, which brings out many evils: for instance, it ruins servants, and there is such eagerness in all the natives of this country to help each other to food when they have it in their power that they cannot keep them from it when the kitchen is out of sight. However, my good man likes it as well as I do, and has promised to order matters in a different way when he builds, which will be on our return to the Kuruman. No servant will like it, as she will then have no opportunity of showing how liberal she is. They seem to think all Europeans are stingy.

"Poor creatures! They do not know the value of things, and they think we should eat everything up at once as they do, and starve all the

rest of the time. The washing is done at the river in cold water, and instead of rubbing they beat things on the stones, which wears them out fast. When we get settled I wish very much to wash in the English way. We cannot at present for want of tubs, but Moffat has promised to make me some, as I know he will.

"With regard to animal food, all missionaries however small the family, kill a sheep (but the sheep are small in this land) every week in the moderate weather. They must do it on account of the people they have about them, who all eat more than their work is worth, for it will take two or three generations to get idleness out of their nature. The chief part of the sheep's fat is in the tail, which is so large that it becomes quite a burden for it to carry.

"The fat is of quite an oily nature, and very rich. We use it in our cooking. In the heat of summer it will not stiffen unless mixed with hard fat and set in a cool place. With the hard fat we make candles, and some people soap; but that is a great and heavy business, being three weeks every day on the fire with somebody in constant attendance to keep it stirred. As much of the mutton as we can we salt for use in the summer, for fresh meat will not keep a day here in that season.

"Sometimes an ox or a cow is killed, and the chief part of it salted. The salt here is used in its natural state, and is both salt and saltpetre. We smoke the meat to keep the moths out of it, otherwise it would be spoiled, as it is sometimes

though smoked. Most missionaries have a brick-oven for their bread. We leaven our bread, always keeping a lump of leaven, and the bread is as sweet as any yeast could make it if we do not let it work too long. We have the wheat all ground down together, and for household purposes I like it far better than sifted.

"The cows in this country give very little milk. Seven or eight are no better than one English cow. When I was in England we used to wonder what the 'thick milk' was of which Mr. Campbell spoke, and now I can tell you. It is only the natives who make it, but I shall certainly have it too, if ever I get an abundance of milk, it is so good. They get a goat-skin and scrape the hair quite clean off, so that you could not tell that it had been hairy. Then they turn the outer side in, sew it up into a bag with a narrow neck like a bottle. At the bottom they have a very small peg stuck in, a thick peg at the top which closes the mouth of the sack. Into this sack of goat-skin they pour their milk as it comes from the cow. Perhaps in three or four days it is full. It is then hung in a pretty warm place. They pull out the small peg at the bottom and let the whey off.

"The milk is poured out at the top end of the sack, and comes to the table wet, but not at all swashy. This when served up looks like a dish of curds. The milk here has quite a yellowish appearance. It is rather sour, but with a little sugar can be made quite nice. I did not fancy it at first, but perhaps it was because it was served in dirty vessels. I have now got over that, and eat it with

relish. Moteebee, the chief, frequently brings us a dish of it, which is a mark of great esteem.

"There is yet another custom to relate. You will perhaps think it curious when I tell you that we all smear our room floors with cow-dung once a week at least. At first when I saw Sister Helm do it, I thought to myself, 'But I will do without that dirty habit. At least, I will try hard.' I had to come to it, however, and I have hardly patience now to wait till Saturdays. It lays the dust better than anything, kills the fleas, which would otherwise become too numerous for our comfort, and is of a fine green colour. You must please observe that it is mixed with water and laid down very thinly. I have now come to look at my floor smeared with cow-dung with as much pleasure as I did on our rooms at home when they were well scoured.

"I am reminded here of a curious custom. If his majesty Moteebee dines with us, before he eats he sends his servant for a handful of cow-dung and rubs his hands with it till every sign of dirt is gone. However curious it may appear to you, I would rather see him eat after this process than before it; their hands get a share of the nasty fat and red ochre with which they smear themselves."

Everything, however, was not of a peaceful nature. The Moffats had much trouble with those who went to the church and declared themselves to be Christians. They were a filthy race of men, filthy in their habits, and filthy in their conduct. Sometimes some of them had to be sent

away and then they would be better for a time, for they had sense enough to see that it was a disgrace to be sent from a place where the best people were.

Towards the end of 1820 Mrs. Moffat was laid low with a serious illness, and for a long time it seemed as though she would never get well. The change of air and her new mode of life were telling their tale upon her. When she was at her worst, a baby-girl was born to her, and from that time she got slowly better. In Mr. Moffat's next letter home, he describes how his dear wife lay nigh unto death, "delivering," as he says, "with sinking voice her last message." Then he finishes in a vein of joy saying, "now she is at this moment sitting in perfect health, with a lovely, healthy daughter on her knee. Surely this is the Lord's doing, and is wonderful in our eyes."

That baby-girl, the joy of her lonely mother's heart, was named Mary; and she became the wife of David Livingstone. Her story we will tell in a later part of the book.

Soon after this event there was a great stir in Griqua Town, for there arrived Mr. and Mrs. Kaye, who were Wesleyan Missionaries, and several other families from Cape Town. The Kayes had come to establish a mission-station among the Bechwanas, while the others had been sent by the Government with the view of their taking up their official residence in that town. They all formed a very happy settlement, and were of great help one to another.

You will, I am sure, be interested to know how

a nurse was found for baby Mary. It happened in this way. One day Mr. Moffat came suddenly upon a party of Bushmen. They were digging a grave for a woman who had just died leaving two children, a boy and a girl. As the men had no use for these two children, they were going to bury them alive with their dead mother. But Mr. Moffat, who learned what their intentions were, begged the children and took them home. They lived in his family as though they were his own children. Writing to his brother, Mr. Moffat says of them: "Ann and Dickey, the two Bushmen children whom I consider part of the family, are doing well. Ann is very useful, and forms a good nurse for baby Mary."

## CHAPTER III.

### DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME.

MANY a hardship had the good Moffat family to go through. The little settlement they had formed was happy enough as far as their own lives were concerned, but although many seemed to be made Christians, hardly any could be depended upon. The members of the Church would tell lies and thieve, and even commit horrible crimes. Then, when they were brought face to face with Mr. Moffat, they would make a show of repentance and promise better things. To teach them right-doing was indeed a very hard and disappointing task, one which

would have broken their teachers' hearts if they had not been English.

An event now took place which proved to be of value to the missionaries, inasmuch as it drew the natives into a closer bond of friendship with them. A horde of savages made an attack on the village, and it was by Mr. Moffat's skill, tact, and bravery that they were driven off. Mr. Moffat himself nearly lost his life.

In the fight which was necessary, Mr. Moffat got wedged between a rocky height and a body of the enemy. Get away without being seen and killed he could not. Round about him were many who were wounded, and were rolling about among the thick brushwood, which partly hid them from sight. They stabbed themselves in their anguish and pain, and would have done harm even to their friends. One of them, a big, burly warrior, raised himself right in front of Mr. Moffat, lifted his spear, and would have killed him on the spot. The Lord must have had him in His care and keeping at that moment, for a loud crack was heard just behind him, a bullet whizzed past his ear, making him shudder, and the warrior fell to earth.

The victory lay with the missionaries in the end, but the ruin in the village was very marked. Women and children who had fled for safety had to be gathered together, and places of shelter made for them, for most of the houses had been burned to the ground. The natives were overcome by such terror, that they insisted on leaving the village to find homes for themselves farther in the interior of the country. So, much good work among them

seemed to be lost, but Mr. Moffat clung to them and aided them through their troubles. What they could carry of their goods they took with them and buried their treasures in the ground. It was not wise to move about without the utmost care, for the enemy still lay in the neighbourhood.

Their condition must have been an awful one, as judge from Mrs. Moffat's letter at this time. "It appears that the enemy fled in three directions: one party over the river Vaal, which was seen by the spies, and the other two are keeping the river beyond Sebonelo's place. His people find them in straggling parties, and kill them whenever they can get near them. They appear to be dying of hunger, and Mr. Hodgson, a Wesleyan missionary, saw the most horrid sights. Where our party stopped one night, the unhappy people had encamped the night before, and had left behind them two women and a man, who were feeding on the body of a dead companion; they were stamping on the bones so as to get at the marrow.

"I know you will shudder when I tell you that they did it without the least emotion. They pointed to the mangled limbs, and told Mr. Hodgson the man's name. Oh! the dark barbarity of this wretched Africa! When, oh! when will the Sun of Righteousness arise and disperse the heathen gloom! O Lord, hasten, and make no long tarrying!"

The strifes that were carried on by one tribe with another were the source of the Moffats' trouble. Truly did Mrs. Moffat write when she said: "We are surrounded by foes on every hand. It requires

some courage, I can tell you, to live at rest in such a country. But we trust that He who hath delivered will deliver."

About this time Mr. Moffat undertook a journey to the Cape to report what had been done and to bring back, if possible, supplies of books and tracts to help him in his work. He had now learned much of the language and hoped to be able to print copies of the New Testament and some hymns. In some measure he was successful, but he had to do the printing himself, with the aid of one man who knew just a little of the work. When he returned, there was still talk of war, though, from what he could make out, the enemy was a good distance off.

It was Mrs. Moffat's brave heart which kept the rest of her party at duty's post. It was she who trusted in the promises of the never-changing God. It was her pen which wrote: "We may not live to see it, but the awakening will come as surely as the sun will arise to-morrow." When a friend in England wrote to her, and asked: "What shall we send you as a present?" she replied: "Send us a communion-service; we shall want it some day." Mrs. Moffat's eye of faith was keen, and her courage never failed her.

How soon this awakening was to come Mrs. Moffat did not know; but it came, as such things do come, without any seeming cause. What had taken the hearts of the people no one could tell, but suddenly a great desire of attending service and of listening to the message told by Mr. Moffat seized them. The meeting-house was

often crowded, sometimes even long before the service was timed to commence.

The voices of the natives were very tuneful, and now could be heard the songs of Zion in the air. War-dances ceased, and, instead of heathen whoops and yells, prayers were sent on their way to the throne of God. The missionaries were even sought for at their homes by those whom the Gospel had touched and who wished to know more of the Saviour and His love. The condition of the people rapidly improved. They became cleaner in their dress, and wanted in many cases to dress as the missionaries.

Still the Moffats were cautious, for they had seen something of the same kind of thing, though to a less extent, happen before. This change was, however, more real. The converts settled down into steady, sober people, and were themselves anxious to spread the Glad Tidings of peace on earth. Three of them came forward and offered to take on themselves the work of building a new mission-house of brick, which could be used until the time should come when the stone church, whose foundations had already been laid, would be finished.

They were poor workmen it is true, but their offer was a sign of a changed life. Indeed, they fulfilled their promise, and by and by the mission-house was opened for service. With his mind thus at ease Mr. Moffat spent more time than he had been able to do in translating the Scriptures. From his papers he read to the people, and taught them passages which they might afterwards repeat to each other. Mrs. Moffat's belief in the change is

told in these words: "The Spirit of God has begun its work; and surely it will go on."

Mr. Moffat now went once more to the Cape. A letter from him to his wife tells how joyfully the news of a better life among the Bechwanas was received there. "Mr: and Mrs. Anderson welcomed me with great kindness. They did not know me when I first entered the house. They were much disappointed when they heard you were not following. Many questions have they asked of the Griquas and the Bechwanas, and they do rejoice at what is doing among them. 'Had I youth on my side,' said Mr. Anderson, laying his hand on his pate, 'I would spend it among the Bechwanas.' He is much aged, and the sound of the grinders being low, his speech is not so clear as formerly. This evening he ran to hide his tears when I was telling him of the pleasing change which has lately taken place at Griqua Town."

More children had in the course of these years been born to Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, and in the year 1833 Mrs. Moffat went alone to the Cape where her daughters were at school. She shall relate the incident of her journey herself. "It was, of course, no pleasing task to take such a journey alone; but it was necessary to see how the children were getting on and to attend to their wants. It could not be Moffat's duty to leave the mission-station again so soon, therefore we determined to part for a time. I was more than five months absent. My journey was a very prosperous one, nothing worthy the name of accident having taken place although the wagons were heavily laden.

"My company of servants consisted of five Bechwana men and one Hottentot, as drivers, leaders, and loose-cattle drivers, and a girl to nurse my baby. In one of these men, Paul, one of the first converts, I had great comfort. Not having my husband with me I had to put all my confidence in him, and truly it was not misplaced. I assure you that I had joy in him as a brother in our Lord Jesus Christ. Ever since his conversion, nearly five years ago, we have trusted him, but now justly more than ever. I know you will bless God for His goodness to us in this part of our lives. I am a poor weak creature, but God has been to me better than all my fears. I left the three elder children at school. The two girls have, I think, made as much progress as I had hoped in the time. We want Mary to become an Infants' School teacher."

An expedition from the Cape, under the leadership of Dr. Andrew Smith, passed through the Moffats' settlement, and, after a short stay, Mr. Moffat joined the company on its way to Kuruman. His object was not only to aid the expedition, but to extend the Gospel farther into the interior of the country, as well as to procure timber for the roofing of his new church, that which grew in and around his own district not being suitable. In all these things he was successful.

But we must leave the story of this dark land and come with the Moffats to England, whither they set out for a time of rest from their toils. It was in 1838. The whole family joined a ship at Cape Town on its way from China. It was a small

vessel and carried troops, but it was the best that could be had.

Before Table Bay was left behind another baby-girl was born to them, while at the same time their little son, Jamie, was dangerously ill with dysentery. The poor little fellow never recovered, but three days after the birth of his sister he passed away at the age of six years.

The voyage was thus a sad one. It took three months in those days to reach England from the Cape, and in about that time the Isle of Wight came into view. Mrs. Moffat was glad to set foot once more on her native shore, and she was happy in the fact that she was able to be welcomed and entertained by her old friends Dr. and Mrs. Bogue. Great changes had taken place in the homes of both Mr. and Mrs. Moffat. Death had laid its hands on some members of both families, but friends and admirers were found on all sides. The winter was passed in London, where the printing of the New Testament for the Bechwanas was being done. From time to time meetings were held in various parts of the country, and people were roused to show more zeal for their heathen brethren across the seas.

The visit lasted nearly four years.

## CHAPTER IV.

### MORE TOIL AND THEN—PEACE.

BACK to Africa!

The voyage across the sea was a pleasant one although it was long. The desire to get back to their beloved work made the Moffats somewhat anxious, but at last Cape Town came into sight and their hearts were made light. Not yet, however, could the journey into the interior be undertaken. There were delays on all hands. Mr. Moffat had some difficulty in getting his oxen and wagons on the road, and even when he made a start his troubles were by no means at an end.

His baggage was heavy, for he now knew the needs of the people better than when he made his first journey to them. Bibles he had in plenty, household goods, and tools for farming and gardening. See the long train of ox-wagons! It toils now over a stony height, now it is impeded by a swift ford, and an easier crossing has to be found over the stream. Now it is the sand into which the wheels sink. The oxen pull with all their might. No, they cannot get along. The wagons are partly emptied, and then with a strong effort of the tired beasts and a push at the wheels, lo! the wagons are moved.

Amid all these delays their one cheering thought was that they were nearing their own people.

The Vaal was crossed at nearly the same spot

where Mrs. Moffat had been towed across on her first visit. Judge of her happiness as well as her surprise to find David Livingstone on the farther bank awaiting them. He had come from Kuruman, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, for the sole reason of bidding them welcome, and of cheering them by telling that the Bechwanas were eager for their return. This was good news indeed.

Hardly a moment would the Moffats wait. On and on they went, met day by day by fresh teams of oxen and drivers which the Bechwanas had sent. As they entered the village great was the joy of the people. The Moffats had not done their work in vain, for crowds had come together to meet them and to look on the faces of those whom they had begun to think they would never see again. What a change! Truly it showed the power of God's word. The bread cast on the waters was being seen after many days.

Much time was now spent in making better houses for the natives. They were themselves of much use in bringing materials, but the bulk of the work fell on Mr. Moffat. He laboured from early morning till late on in each night, never seeming to tire. When work was over and the air was still warm, he would call the workers from their toil and read or speak to them. He told them of the Father's care of him and his wife and little ones, and trust in the Father's love came into their hearts bit by bit. It was a pleasing sight, though sometimes the natives wept as they heard the Word.

Before David Livingstone returned to his own part of Africa he married Mary Moffat, our heroine's eldest daughter, and the two families were thus united in ties of kindred and work. We shall hear more of Mrs. Livingstone in another part of the book, but this incident is told now because it took Mrs. Moffat away from her home for a time. She paid a visit to the Livingstones, and had a hard time of it on her journey. When she returned she found her own natives in a state of despair, for more cruel foes had fallen upon them, and caused not only death in their ranks but loss of homes and farms.

This added once more to her troubles; but her faith in the Father told her that all would yet be well. And so it turned out. By dint of great toil the houses were rebuilt, and the natives filled with more and greater love for their friends. Their love of God, too, was made more real and lasting. An example of this is told. A young Kafir was employed by the missionaries to go with them from Kuruman to the Matabele. For some time before, he had been asking to be taught about God, and, so changed in life had he become, that very soon he was going to be made a member of the Church. He was a clever young man for a Kafir, and much devoted to the Moffats.

When the journey had been in progress for some days, fever entered the camp, and this young man was stricken down. For two days he lay on a couch not able to move, although many things were done to help him. On the evening of

the second day Mr. Moffat left him for a time and went to repair one of the wagons which was not far away. All at once, while busy with his work, he heard a voice singing in a clear, sweet tone. He asked some one, who was near, who was singing to the sick man, for he felt sure some one had gone to him. He was told that the singer was the man himself.

"What!" said Mr. Moffat. "I have only just left the man, and he was so ill that I thought he would never move or speak again." Then Mr. Moffat went into the tent. There he saw the man lying just as he had left him. He was singing as with a voice not his own: "My soul longeth for the Lord. Blessed are they who dwell in Thy house. O Lord, God of hosts, hear my prayer, for the Lord God is a sun and shield. The Lord will give grace and glory. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee."

Mr. Moffat knelt by his side and took his hand. He spoke to him. The man did not move, nor did he show signs that he knew who was there. His pulse was beating slowly, then it became slower still. In a moment his soul had fled, fled to the Sun and Shield of whom he had just been singing.

Mrs. Moffat had once said in a letter to a friend who tried to get her to change her mind about going to Africa: "I will go on God's errand even though I am the means of saving only one lost soul." Ah! she had been the means of saving many. This was one of them.

Troubles of a serious kind now fell on the Moffats. Robert, their eldest son, had been in poor

health for some time, and had hoped that a journey into Natal in a comfortable ox-wagon would do him good. His friends were fearful for him, for he really looked very ill, and, if he grew worse on the way, his case would indeed be a sad one. He was determined to go, and he started. Hardly had he gone a six hours' distance when almost without a sign, before any of his friends could come up, he died.

Now, again, the friendliness of the natives was shown. Their grief for the departed one, and the tears they shed for their beloved missionaries, overcame Mrs. Moffat, and made her—for a time at least—forget the sadness that had befallen her. Nor was this the only trouble, for, not many weeks after, runners came in from the Zambesi district, with the news that Mary Livingstone was dead too. Two children taken from the Moffats almost at one blow!

Still the missionary spirit dwelt in the heart of Mary Moffat. She toiled on for her Master, and had the joy of seeing her natives become steady and God-fearing men and women. She was growing old in the work, and alas! felt the feebleness of age. With some of her children gone Home, and the others living in different parts of the earth, a longing to visit England came over her. This was told to the natives, and the village became the scene of much sorrow. For some weeks before the time of departure, farewells had been pouring in from the near villages and the more distant districts. "God speed you and bring you safe back!" were the prayers of the people.

What took place in Kuruman itself on the morning when the Moffats came away can hardly be expressed in words. It was a sight to be seen. The missionaries came from their house and walked towards the wagon which was in readiness for them. Crowds pressed upon them. Not a voice was heard, but tears flowed fast and free. The dim, dusky faces of the natives were sad, for their hearts were full of mourning. They clasped the hands of the Moffats as they passed along, and followed the wagon far, far out on the plain. Then, as they could go no farther, a loud wail of lament rent the air. It was enough to melt a heart of stone. Sadly did the natives turn their faces homewards. They could never forget the kindness which had been shown them ; they would live on in the hope that the loved ones might some day return.

It was, as it proved, the Moffats' last visit to Kuruman. The *Norseman* from Cape Town brought them safely to England, where some months were spent in perfect happiness and peace. Christmas in 1871 came on with all its joys, its meetings of friends, and its festive mirths. The Moffats spent it at Knockholm, and then returned to some friends at Brixton. The weather was cold, and Mrs. Moffat caught a chill. For a few days she lay calm, quiet, and peaceful. There was no sign of pain, nor was there anything in the sick one to cause alarm. Her mind was active, and she spoke feebly to those about her always in a hopeful tone.

The doctor came and looked at her, but

could see no sign of immediate danger. "She may get up to-morrow," said he. Mrs. Moffat heard the words and was glad. It would make her look as if she were really getting well. In the afternoon of the morrow she rose with help, and dressed, and sat in a pillowed-chair. She looked, oh! so happy, so full of calm. Then at seven she tired, and was taken to bed. A little cough seized her as she lay, and her frame shook. The cough ceased, a few long breaths were drawn, and Mrs. Moffat was gone.

It was all so sudden that not one word of farewell was said by sick one or friends. Her husband was not present at the moment, and when he was told, the only words he could utter were: "For fifty-three years I have had her to pray for me."

That prayerfulness of Mrs. Moffat gives her the claim to be written of in this book. She was a missionary's wife more than a missionary herself, in the true sense of the word. She watched over her husband's health and cared for him with comforts, and by her help he was sustained in his work.

# MRS. MARGARET CARGILL

## OF THE FIJI ISLANDS.

MISS MARGARET SMITH was a young lady of Aberdeen. When she was quite a child her father died, leaving her mother with three little children in rather poor circumstances. The mother was a hardy Scotswoman, and endured toil bravely for the sake of the children. She sent them to school, and herself helped them in many ways with their lessons. No wonder then that Margaret, at the age of seventeen, was not only a clever girl but thoughtful and entertaining. At this stage of her life she often found herself in the company of a young student at the University of Aberdeen. This was Mr. David Cargill, who was being trained for the ministry in connection with the Wesleyan Methodists.

Mr. Cargill and Miss Smith became close friends. Their tastes were somewhat alike, and both were ardent disciples of Christ. Each was doing work in the Master's vineyard, and the call came to them both to go out and to teach the Glad Tidings of Salvation to the natives in the far-off Friendly Islands. On the day of their marriage, which took place in 1832, the long journey was commenced. For twenty-one weeks they sailed the ocean, and during all this time the young wife was seriously ill. So ill, indeed, was she, that many times Mr. Cargill thought that it was his duty to return from the next port into

which the ship might put. His wife, however, would not hear of it, declaring that she would rather die than, having put her hand to the plough, turn back. At Sydney, New South Wales, she got wonderfully better, and by God's grace was able to continue her journey.

After calling at New Zealand, where the Cargills first saw people similar to those among whom they were going to work, they began the last stage of their journey. In due time Nukualofa was reached. For some years before this a mission-station had been established in the Friendly Islands, and, as the king was well disposed towards the missionaries and anxious for the good of his people, much progress had been made. The new-comers were well received, and a message of welcome was sent from the king. At an audience with him later on the same day, Mr. and Mrs. Cargill were presented with gifts of cocoa-nuts and bananas. This was a token of good-will, and the hearts of the missionaries were cheered.

In a few days the Cargills received a notice from the Missionary Society that they were to go on to the island of Vavua, as the missionary there was about to return home. The captain of the vessel in which they sailed told them some dreadful accounts of the natives of Vavua. This dismayed the Cargills, but they were in no way disheartened. They trusted in the might as well as in the love of God, and they felt sure that under His protection they would be able to achieve good results from their toils.

How different, however, was the real state of

affairs! The natives came down to the port to assure the missionaries that they need fear no harm from them. They had, indeed, lost many of their cruel, heathen ways, and were ready for more knowledge of God. The king of the island had confessed himself to be a Christian, and his people were eager to follow his example.

Mr. and Mrs. Cargill lost no time in becoming known to them by deeds of kindness. Often, even before Mrs. Cargill could speak the language, she went boldly into the tree-huts of the natives, and showed the women that she had come to them as a friend. She interested herself in the women's work, and helped them to cook, and to wash the clothes in the streams. Of the little children she was very fond, and they soon grew to trust and love her.

Not yet, however, could the Cargills say they were settled. More difficult work still lay in front of them. They were to go to the Fiji Islands. This was in 1835.

Now you must know that the Fiji Islands are among the prettiest islands in the world. The climate is delightful; the trees, the plants, and the flowers are gay in green and bright colours; fruits of every sort grow in abundance. The people were of the wildest and most inhuman kind. They were cannibals, or eaters of human flesh. The Fiji Islands exactly suited the good Bishop Heber's description of a heathen land—

> "Though every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

Let me make this clear to you. The Fiji Islands are situated in the South Pacific Ocean. Few vessels used to call at them for the purpose of trading, because the natives would allow the crews to land under the pretence of friendliness, but no sooner had they set foot on shore, than they were clubbed to death, roasted, and eaten at a feast. Often and often would the natives of one island make war upon those of another, and those who were slain or captured would form the meals of the victors. It was the pride of the Fijians to keep an account of the number of men and women they had slain and eaten.

If a chief died a great feast was held, and human creatures were slain by hundreds to provide food at the revels. The natives danced round fires on which the bodies of their victims were being roasted. And now and then they would stop to drag a limb from the embers, and to gnaw it as they resumed their dance. No one was safe from a living chief's power. The dancers at one feast might themselves form the food for the next. Life was held cheap, and it has been known that the inhabitants of a village have all been put to death together.

Mr. and Mrs. Cargill had grown to love the people of Vavua, and in their turn were beloved by the natives. Judge their horror, if you can, when they were told they must go to Fiji to *commence* a mission. It is true that they were not to go alone. Two other missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Cross, were deputed to go with them as companions and co-workers. The king of

the Friendly Islands was much concerned for their safety, and like a true servant of God—I told you he was a Christian—he helped them by sending with them an interpreter, who carried a friendly message to the king of the Fijians.

To go to the Fiji Islands was a terrible undertaking, even with this help. Mrs. Cargill's trust in God was the means of keeping up the spirits of her husband and their two friends. Said she in hope, "I am content. It is God's will. He knows what is best." In three days the island of Lakemba was sighted, and now their hearts quaked for fear. Again Mrs. Cargill came to the rescue. She proposed that the two men with their interpreter should leave the ship in a boat and gently row to the shore, making whatever signs they could to show that they were not enemies, but friends. The women were to wait in the ship and watch the course of events.

It was a pretty scene. The boat slid softly on the calm waters, one of the men at the oars, and the other with fruit in his hands held up so that the Fijians might see it. The native quaked with fear, and rolled to the bottom of the boat, where he lay with his face buried in his arms; nothing could rouse him. The two ladies were on their knees on the deck of the ship which the men had just left. With uplifted hands to Heaven they besought safety for their husbands.

God listened to and answered their prayers. Now the boat was beached. The natives had seen the ship, and had come down to the shore, expecting to be attacked by armed sailors, as

often they had been before. Their king was among the throng. Two men only could they see in the boat—two men coming—one with a gift. It must be a friendly visit. The natives drew to the water's edge and made signs for the men in the boat to land. Now the courage of the frightened native in the boat returned. He got up and handed a leaf to the man he knew to be the king because of his dress, and tried to speak.

The language of the Fijians was not quite the same as his own, but he managed to make himself understood. He told how good the white men had been to his own king and people, and begged for their stay in this island. The king's heart was touched, and he made signs that he was glad that the white men were about to honour him by living with him and his people. He pointed to the ship as much as to ask if there were more people there, and, on women being pointed to, was made to understand that the white men's wives were there. He sent his own canoe to fetch them, and, by evening of that same day, Mr. and Mrs. Cargill and Mr. and Mrs. Cross were safely sheltered in two new tree-houses, which the natives had quickly and cleverly built for them.

If ever missionaries' work was hard, it was hard for these two families. The ship had gone on its way, and only these were left. Four among thousands! Four people surrounded by savages whose language they could not speak! Yet God was with them to comfort and to bless. Day by

day, with the help of the Tongan language—that is, the language of the Friendly Islanders—Mr. Cargill made himself more and more understood. Day by day he wrote down what words he could catch the meaning of, and in course of time he became able to converse with the Fijians fairly well. More than this, he composed a Fijian grammar and dictionary for future use.

Mrs. Cargill once more turned her attention to the women, and made their care and the children's her special work. Nor is there the least doubt that her work in this way made the tasks of Mr. Cargill and Mr. Cross easier than they would otherwise have been. But, what privations they sometimes endured! The natives had given them homes and land, and sometimes made them presents of fruit for food; but it was quite clear that they were supposed to provide their own. Only for the first year's planting was seed given to them.

They had no money to purchase a fresh supply if their own crops failed, and they could fish only in the sea for flesh food. The natives would not allow the goats to be killed. They were so precious for their milk. No ships called for some time, but at last the king sent a party of his own in a canoe to Vavua to tell the Tongans that the white people were safe, and wished to hear from their friends. There were stores and letters here which no crew had dared to bring to Lakemba. These were brought to the missionaries when the Fijians returned. And they were needed too!

When the Cargills had learned the Fijian

language, they paid visits to the islands near to Lakemba, and in this way carried the Gospel to heathens who had never heard of it before. It was not only trying work, but dangerous, for they never knew what might happen to them in a strange place. But, wherever they went, the truth of Christ's own words, "Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world," was over and over again renewed to them.

Mrs. Cargill now began to decline in health. She was worn out by fatigue of many kinds, and the illness and death of her sixth child seemed to prove too much for her to bear. She was at Rewa on a visit, and she felt she could not possibly return to Lakemba. The natives were very, very kind to her, and brought her fruits and bread, which, alas! she could not eat. Far, far removed from home and friends she had not seen for eight full years, she passed from this earth to her home in heaven.

Her life's work was done. Others have gone to the same missionary field, and have reaped the harvests of the seed she sowed. Hers was a shining life, shining all the more brightly, for truly it was spent in a dark, dark place.

# MISS WHATELY OF CAIRO.

## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY DAYS.

FOR the birthplace of Mary Louisa Whately we must go to the little village of Halesworth in Suffolk. Her father was the rector there, and a very happy and beautiful home he had. Mary Louisa was born on the 31st of August 1824, and when she was but three years old her father was appointed to take charge of Alban Hall, Oxford. Here Dr. Whately made for himself so great a name that, in 1831, he was consecrated to the Archbishopric of Dublin. Some day, when you are older, you may read some of his clever works. For the present, think of a very happy home — the father and mother devoted to their children, and the children, in turn, trying to profit by their parents' example and teaching.

Mrs. Whately was very fond of her daughter Mary, and there is no doubt that she could see in her those qualities of mind and temper which would in after years be a blessing to every one with whom she would have to do. Mary was quick at her lessons; her memory was splendid, and when once she had heard or seen a thing done she was able to repeat it. The Doctor and his wife were always careful that their talk before their children should be such as would help them, and Mrs. Whately did all she could to bring

them up in habits of kindness and of thought for others. No wonder, then, that Mary grew up clever, thoughtful, and kind.

At a very early age Mary took charge of a class of little boys and girls in a poor school which her father had opened. For the sake of these children Mary would toil with them at their lessons; she would take them food if she knew them to be in distress—and oftentimes, alas! they were—and she would visit them in their homes. She was doing, you see, the work of a missionary while she was still very young. More than this, she was never known to ask her father or mother to assist her in what she did for the children, though sometimes she begged little things of comfort, such as food and clothing, for their parents. Dr. Whately, in particular, watched his daughter's work with pride.

Sad to say, when she was just beyond her twentieth year, a famine broke out in Ireland. This threw many people into great distress and want. Many hundreds died, and many had to leave their homes and seek new abodes in far-off lands. The distress, however, found Mary plenty of work to do, and right bravely did she do it. Many a home was blessed by her help, and she herself felt that the blessing of God was being showered down richly upon her.

Ragged little children starving for food would look eagerly for her visits to them; and fathers, made weak by suffering, would mutter her name in their prayers for the thoughtful care she took of the little ones. Mary was, indeed, being

taught by God to prepare here for the special work which He would lead her to do for Him in a foreign land.

It has been often said, and there is a good deal of truth in the saying, that one trouble never comes alone. The famine in Ireland was scarcely over when war broke out between England and Russia. There were many Irishmen in the English army, and, by reason of the war, many a home in Dublin was robbed of its bread-winner. Here, then, was more work for Mary to do. She was called upon to comfort aged mothers for the loss of their sons, wives for the loss of husbands, and little ones, who would call for daddy, and daddy could not come. He was shot with his breast turned to the foe, and buried in a soldier's grave.

This house to house visitation was a further way of training for Mary. She learned by sad scenes, by heart-sobs, and by many tears, that it is "a joy to minister to those who are in sorrow." Strong though she was, her health at last gave way, and she was told that nothing but a sea-voyage would restore her to strength.

A friend and she set out for Cairo, in Egypt, that land so often spoken about in the Bible, and after a pleasant voyage, during which she felt something of her old self return, she took up her abode in that city. It was strange to her at first. There were new scenes, quite a different race of people from the Irish, and new habits of home-life to which she had to grow used.

It was at this point of her life that her training stood her in good stead. You will, I am sure, like to hear what she said about her first visit to Cairo. In the next chapter I will tell you what she wrote thirty-one years afterwards.

## CHAPTER II.

### IN A FOREIGN LAND.

"IT is now more than thirty years since I first set foot on the shores of old Egypt. The sea was calm and blue. There were only tiny ripples on the water. In the distance I could see white towers, the minarets of the temples in which the people worshipped Mahomet. Feathery palms reared their tall heads on the flat line of sea-coast, and a crowd of shipping danced gently up and down in the harbour before us.

"The masts were gaily decked with flags of many colours. They waved gently in the morning breeze, and groups of strange-looking men—black, white, and brown—in little boats, were rowing hither and thither, chattering, or rather gabbling, all the time in a tongue quite unknown to me then.

"The sky was beautifully clear, the sun bright, and the air very soft. Deep purple shadows were cast on the water in strong contrast with the intense light. In my mind I can see it all as plainly as if the scene were present now.

I remember the feeling that came over me as I stepped on shore. How shaky I was at the knees after a long, rough sea-passage in a wretched old steamer!

"I quite forgot my fatigue, however, at the sight of a string of camels. 'Look at them!' I said to my companions of the ship. 'We are really in Africa.' Who does not feel a thrill of delight as he looks for the first time on these creatures of the Bible? They are awkward, yet graceful. Their spongy feet are lifted and set down as though with solemn cautiousness. They turn their long necks from side to side, and with their beautiful dark eyes look round as though they cared for nought. I thought of Abraham and his servant, of Rebekah as she got down from her camel and walked to meet Isaac, and I remembered Job who was rich with three thousand of them.

"Soon we made our way to the hotel, slowly and on foot, for in those days carriages were few in Alexandria. Our baggage had been placed on a cart, and we had been offered a seat on a donkey's back. But, no! we would rather walk. The native saddles were so strange and uncomfortable looking. Very different is everything now in the same city. It has become more than half European. Only the sunshine is unchanged.

"As we moved along the unpaved street, from the harbour to the hotel, the groups were all so curious and of such interest to me that I kept pausing every moment to observe them. A bedouin was standing with a comrade at a rude

stall, where huge water-melons displayed their dark green rinds, and bright crimson pulp. He was dressed in a mantle of goat's hair, while his companion wore a flowing, white, woollen robe. Both had red and yellow striped *kuffiêh* on their heads, and in their red leathern girdles they arried each a knife in a sheath. A gun, too, was thrown over each of their shoulders. They bought slices of a juicy mēlon, and, as they sucked them, they glanced a look on me, a genuine bedouin look, one that seemed, nought to mark, but everything to spy.

"A little farther on we saw a party of native women in their dark blue garments, soft and limp, and falling in graceful (if dirty) folds. They were sitting on the dusty ground, or standing leaning against a bit of ruined wall, some wearing the face veil of black crape, tied under the eyes, which I then saw for the first time. Others who were of the poorest class had their faces uncovered. Little brown children, half naked and very much neglected, were clinging to their mothers' shoulders or squatting beside them in the dust.

"Next, a party of wealthy merchants would pass with their long robes of rich cloth and beautiful striped native silk, setting off their swarthy skins. Numbers of men and youths of the humbler class were mixed with them, hurrying to and fro from the harbour on some errand, their arms and legs bare, and their only garments white or blue cotton shirts; but all, poor and rich alike, wore turbans. The red *tarboosh*, now common among many of the poor, and most of the higher class, was then a mark of Turks, or Syrians, or Europeans.

"Every group was a picture, and the rich colour in so clear an atmosphere were enough to delight the eye of any one who had an eye for the picturesque. But it was most strange and not a little confusing to hear all around a language so entirely different in sound from any of the European tongues with which I was more or less familiar. Altogether I felt as one in a dream.

"Two days afterwards we were on our way to Cairo. The primitive Oriental life had already been changed by the introduction of the first European railroad, which had been completed about a year before. It was in the month of October, and most of the Delta was under water, the flooding having been heavy that year, and that part of the country being entirely flat, and with very few trees. Here, all there was to see were little groups of mud-huts with bundles of reeds by way of roof, and a large fig-tree or a few palms near them standing like islands on slightly-raised patches of ground, with water all around, and oxen standing up to their chins evidently enjoying their bath very much.

"Whenever we stopped at a station a troop of dirty children clamoured for *backsheesh,* and frightful old women with faces like walnut-shells, bleared eyes, and dangling rags, offered baskets of sticky dates, covered with leaves to keep the swarms of flies from them. Young girls passed up and down the platforms at every station with the porous water-vessels of the country, offering drink to travellers with the cry, 'Cold water, O ye

thirsty!' in a sweet, half-pleading tone. Every one was hot and thirsty, for early in October in Egypt the weather is still like summer, a good deal hotter, indeed, than many English summers, and many hands were stretched out for the vessel of water, and gladly were the coppers paid that were asked for.

"But as we passed on, and the little water-sellers were left far, far behind, my heart ached for them and for all the rest in their land, because although they cried to the thirsty, they themselves had never heard the Bible-cry, 'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat without money and without price!'"

Such was Miss Whately's own account of the land which was to be her home for so many years. She was not able, however, to begin her work as a missionary for some time. Every now and then something came to prevent her from taking it up, and we find her spending a holiday in the following year in the Holy Land. How she enjoyed a climb on Lebanon! Of her first sight of Jerusalem what words can tell? Her party spent a whole month on Olivet and in its neighbourhood, and she became so interested in what she found being done by Europeans for the Jewish nation that, after her return home, she resolved to revisit Palestine and enter on mission work there.

This plan, alas! also failed, for whilst she was at home both her mother and her youngest sister died within the space of a week. The home was in deep sorrow, the more so because Miss

Whately's health began again to break down, and it was feared she had consumption. Her doctors ordered her to spend the winter in a southern climate. Whither should she go? She remembered with joy her visit to Egypt, and, as she had formed a few friendships there, it was to Egypt she was resolved to go. The women and girls in that neglected land should have all the care and attention which her health would allow her to bestow on them. She believed it was God's will, and His plan must be hers.

## CHAPTER III.

### PREACHING IN CAIRO.

MISS WHATELY lost no time in setting out for Egypt, and, with her cousin, safely arrived in Cairo.

We shall let her tell her own story. It is more interesting than if it were re-told.

"At the time of my first visit to Egypt I saw little better than the outside of things; but, when I found myself there again, it was laid on my heart to try to do something for the girls and women of the land, those of the Moslem poorer classes, by far the most numerous as you may suppose. The only schools hitherto opened for the children of the land had no scholars except from the Copts, or native Christians. Others were thought to be quite out of reach, and many of my friends tried their best to keep me from my

purpose. They said I was sure to make a failure of it. It seemed best to me, however, to make an effort at all events. I was aware of the utter neglect of female education, and I knew the people's minds on that subject. Even a short stay in the country and very little knowledge of the langu were enough to convince me of this fact.

"I knew, too, that what I did would be slow work, for it was all uphill. But it was begun in prayer, and, therefore, I did not greatly mind the delays that must arise. I felt sure of victory in the end. In the first place I had to secure a house; not nearly so easy a matter as one might think. There were only a few new houses, and the old ones were very dirty, and the woodwork full of moths. A gentleman assisted my cousin and myself in our search, and at last we lit on one that we thought would do. It was not quite finished, but after visiting some of the old ones we made up our minds to try it.

"Let me tell you about that house. It stood at a corner of a street not quite so narrow as many others, where the people of the opposite houses and shops could not shake hands across as they might have done in some cases. It looked out on a lane on the other side, and in this lane were some poor tumble-down abodes, with a few mud-huts here and there between the better buildings, which were partly of stone and partly mud-brick. This neighbourhood was desirable, we thought, as it enabled the poor people to be visited often and easily. A coffee-house of a humbler sort was just under the window of the chief room in this

house, and several small shops on the opposite side of the street, with some rooms above them, were occupied by people who seemed to be quite wealthy.

"The house was so new that as yet the staircase was not finished. There was no plaster on the walls, no glass in the windows, no doors put up, and, to crown all, the workmen were lying on the floor upon heaps of shavings, fast asleep, though the time was past ten o'clock in the morning. We were told that they had been locked in the house to prevent them from leaving their work. Was it not a good example of forced labour? As it was not to be painted till a year had gone by, the work really need not have taken more than a few days.

"The owner made a solemn promise, 'on his head,' that in seven days all should be ready. We took him at his word, and presented ourselves on the eighth day. The man looked quite astonished. He had no idea we should have believed him; but it was our only chance of getting a house at all. Another year might have rolled on to its close and then the house might not have been finished. Such are the ways of the Cairo landlords.

"The outside was clean and white, but it took some courage to enter the scene of litter and confusion within. We had to jump over pools of whitewash, and clamber over loose stones, in order to reach the stairs, where we were met by a troop of dirty, half-clad boys and girls, with hods of mortar on their heads, and pails of water

in their hands. Threading our way through this ragged regiment we reached the first storey, and found doors and windows at last. The former, having no locks or latches, refused to remain shut till the maid who was with me, a sharp little Irish woman, gave one of them a *slam*. Then it did shut, but lo! it could not be opened again. We had to remain prisoners for some time, till our new cook heard our cries of distress, and with his great broad shoulders came and forced it open.

"I could tell you more of our early troubles, but I want to tell you of my work. The wish for some sort of education for girls had for several years been spreading in Egypt. Among the better classes a teacher who can instruct the young ladies in French and 'a little piano,' as European music is called, may now and then be found, while among the middle classes many parents are willing to let their daughters attend school, and even pay a trifle towards their teaching. But, when I came to Egypt in 1860, there was not a native girls' school in Cairo or in any other Egyptian town.

"Everybody told me that the poorer classes would not let their girls attend school at all. My answer was, 'One can never say that anything is a failure which has never been tried.' They smiled, shrugged their shoulders, and left me to my own sweet will. The only teacher I could find was a worthy Christian matron who could read the only book she was used to, which was the New Testament, and some parts of Genesis and Exodus. She had a young daughter of thirteen, who had

been to a school at Beyrout, in Turkey, and could read as well as write fairly. But in order that we might obtain the services of this woman and her daughter, we had to find room for the whole family, as there was no cheap lodging near at hand.

"It was lucky for us that we had plenty of space. Behold the teacher, therefore, with her five children (her husband was out at business till the evening), seated in the new room, swept and prepared with clean mats, and a few books, but no scholars. The cook with the broad shoulders had been sent out to speak to his friends about the school, but as yet there was no result. At last the matron and I went out together. We entered, rather timidly, I must say, the narrow and dirty lane on one side of our house; the other looked on a busy street in which we should have been jostled. And, besides, it was all shops, and we were seeking to speak with women who were very rarely to be seen in shops.

"The occupants of the tumble-down houses and mud-huts in the lane were all at their doors, staring at the strangers. They live for the most part outside; indeed, the little dark dens were merely used for sleeping purposes.

"With the matron's help (she knew just a little English), and my own broken Arabic, I made one or two understand our errand, something in this way: 'Good-morning; peace be to you!' 'Oh! peace to you, lady,' was the reply. 'I see you have a nice little girl there. Will you let her come to our school and learn to read and also to sew?'

The woman, who is squatted on the doorstep of her hut, muffled in filthy garments, for the day is somewhat cold, shrugs her shoulders, and the matron puts a word in and repeats what I had said with a few additions, and many friendly smiles. 'We are Moslems, and our girls don't learn.' 'Oh! but,' says I, 'it is so nice to read, sister, and she shall learn to sew, too; and see, I have some pretty thimbles.'

"The girl now chimes in, 'I want a thimble,' and the matron pats her on the back. 'Yes, yes, my dear,' says she, 'a new thimble and some shiny needles thou shalt have.' The mother demurs. 'We don't like strangers. Girls need not learn, except to make bread or so. Why does this lady want our girls?' The matron says, 'Because she loves God, and therefore loves your children, and wants to teach them about God.' '*Mashalla!* well, we will see to-morrow. Perhaps we will let our girl go.'

"After visiting some ten or twelve houses and huts, besides speaking to a few groups who stood about gossiping, some with babies on their shoulders, others eating sugar-cane or oranges, we at last returned with the promise of several scholars. We felt thankful.

"Of course, most were only inclined to come and see what this new affair was, and even of these several were dissuaded by their neighbours from having anything to do with 'those Christians.' One woman came at nine o'clock next morning, wearing a quantity of silver and coral ornaments on her rounded brown arms and throat; though

her dress of dark blue cotton seemed threadbare, and was far from clean. She led a nice-looking child, about nine years old, in a little white muslin veil and loose coloured frock worn by fairly decent poor girls.

"Of a volley of words she poured out after her 'Peace be to you, lady!' I could only learn that the child was timid and afraid to stay, but to-morrow she would send her. The first fish was hooked, and now was escaping the fisher's hand. The matron and I both stroked her hair and spoke kindly to her. She smiled and said she really would return, and she *did;* but at the time I could not trust that she would do so, and felt somewhat cast down.

"Half an hour passed, and then two little black-eyed, dirty-faced girls in ragged frocks trotted in. They were followed by their mothers, and, I thought, grandmothers also, for several women came in, some old, some young, and there was a good deal of unveiling and chattering. The Egyptian citizen's wife, indeed, all but the very poorest in the towns, wears a black crape face veil, fastened by a brass or gold tube rather like a large thimble, which is sewn to a fillet passed round the head at one end, fastened between the eyes, and to the face veil at the other. After a little while we had more visitors, and at length the women departed, and nine little girls, from seven to ten years old, were left to begin school.

"How happy I was to hurry upstairs to my cousin, who was unwell and lying down, to report that we had nine pupils! After their names had

been asked, and the little Fatma, Hosna, etc., were duly written down on paper, I asked each in turn, 'Who made you?' Some replied, 'Allah.' That is their name for God; but two or three said, 'Mohammed.' Mohammed is their prophet.

"The first verse in the Bible, 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth,' was then repeated to them, and they were taught to say it, first each one by herself, and then all together. This was the *beginning* of instruction for them. Poor, poor children!

"The young teacher was not able to explain it, so I did what I could in that way, and then we both set about teaching the first five letters of their hard alphabet, till they seemed to be getting tired. They then had a rest, and afterwards we had a singing lesson. The neighbours must have supposed a set of cats to be the pupils if they listened to the sounds which they produced. They were really awful, and very much like cats! Three months later, a stranger visiting the school was delighted at the sweet singing of the hymns. The mewing and squeaking were nearly forgotten by that time.

"The children were delighted when the work-hour arrived. Both they and their mothers liked sewing very much. Perhaps the teachers were not sorry when every little brown finger was supplied with a thimble—a new one—and they could sit down for a few minutes. No one who has not tried it can understand how hard it is to teach those who have not only no wish to learn,

but no idea of what learning is, or what possible good is to be gained by all this trouble; and, of course, the strain upon the mind is very much increased when one's knowledge of the language is not great. The little ones all took willingly to sewing; indeed, they had many times in the course of the forenoon thrown down the cards with the letters on, and cried out, 'The work! Give us the work!'

"The English needles and scissors gave them much pleasure, and were eagerly examined by some mothers and elder sisters who paid visits to the schoolroom in the course of the day to see what the 'lady' was doing with their little ones, for, if ignorant, they are as a rule very fond parents. Some brought bread, bunches of raw carrots, or some such dainty, and, after giving it to the children, would squat down on the floor to watch what was going on. Of course, it did not help the teaching, but it will not do to strain a new rope too tightly, and, besides, Eastern manners are unlike ours, and I thought it wisest never to meddle with them unless some real evil was afoot.

"On the second day we had fourteen scholars. As they entered, each kicked off her slippers, if they had any, at the door, and then went up to kiss the hands of the teachers. This custom became pleasanter when more cleanly habits came into fashion."

What a nice school that must have been! And how Miss Whately and her cousin must have liked it! But it was not to be their

joy for long. For some reason or other Miss Whately was called home to Dublin, and she had to leave the school in the charge of a teacher who was sent to her by the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East.

## CHAPTER IV.

### "WELCOME, TEACHER!"

DURING her absence from Cairo, Miss Whately thought of the school and the little ones she had left behind her. They were very dear to her. She had seen them begin to learn, begin to know a little of God and His goodness, and she longed to teach them more.

Two years went by, and at last the way opened out for her to return. Once more Cairo was reached. How changed! The school had been closed, for the teacher, who had been left in charge, had broken down in health and had had to leave for a better climate. No other teacher could be found. Miss Whately, however, lost no time in opening the school again. She believed it was the best way of getting to the hearts of the elder people. She would see to the young, and through them to their fathers and mothers and the elder ones at home.

God blessed her in her work. He cheered her heart, for He knew how hard was her task. This is what she herself says of it. "Though but a few months had gone by, during which the

little ragged-school had been closed, the desolate appearance of the room made it look as if it had been deserted for a much longer time. It had been nobody's business to look after it in particular, and the poor little schoolroom was bare and dirty when I came to it again in the month of November 1862. No texts or pictures as of old hung against the walls; nothing but dust (and there was plenty of that) and a few torn books were to be found.

"However, it is better to look forward than to look back, and having caught a little well-known child at the door peering at me, I sent her to look for the former scholars and tell them, 'School was open.' Then I went upstairs to get some books and pictures which were stored away there, and then began to sweep the dusty room while I waited for the return of my maid, who was gone to fetch some calico and needles and thread.

"I had engaged a new matron, but she, like all the Egyptians, was behind time. This matron I had engaged for cleaning purposes only, and I hoped that she would by and by be able to help in the needlework. As for teaching, that was quite beyond her powers. Alas! She was one of the rest. She could neither read nor write. Indeed, I could not get a native teacher, though I was in treaty for one, so that I was quite alone. The prospect did not promise to be a happy one, but I left all to my Father in heaven, and trusted that help would come, and very soon too.

"My washerwoman was the first caller. She had heard that I had returned, and came to see

how true it was. I was sweeping when she entered, and my back was turned towards her. Her voice I knew at once: 'Sit down, lady, and I will sweep the room for you,' said she. I turned and clasped her in my arms, the broom handle being between us, and she kissed me most tenderly. Was it God's way of showing me that I was not alone, that He had not left me friendless? I thought so, truly.

"She had scarcely finished sweeping when little voices were heard on the stairs. Then there was a rush of scholars, chiefly old ones, but a few whom I had not seen before. They came into the room, and twenty pairs of little henna-dyed hands were thrust out towards me with shouts of greeting which I shall never forget. 'Our teacher has come back!' said they. 'God be praised! Welcome, welcome, teacher!'

"The sight of their glad faces was most cheering, and, when I was at last able to get them seated in some sort of order on the mats, I spoke to them, asking them how they were, and telling them that as yet I was alone, and that I had not been able to get them any other teacher. I told them, too, that as I knew very little Arabic, I should have to learn their lesson each evening before I could teach it to them next day, so that they must promise to be good children, and help me by being quiet at lessons and very attentive.

"Of course, they were all ready to promise this, and did so quite eagerly and with plenty of noise. After a short prayer and a portion of the Gospel read and explained, they were set down to their

alphabet and spelling-cards. Alas! they had forgotten nearly everything, and only two of them were able now to read, and this by spelling out each word as they went along.

"Teaching is not all pleasure in any country, as everybody knows who has tried it, and, of course, it is more difficult when the language is only partly known, and where there is no aid to be got. The first day or two it was impossible to keep the little voices quiet, even for a moment. I told them over and over again of the promise they had made to me to be good, but they smiled and showed their white teeth, and then turned to talking again. They had a high time of it, I can tell you. Each of them did that which was pleasing to herself. 'Let us have the sing lesson,' called they. It was a wonder I had not thought of it before. We sang a little, and then quietness would reign for a moment or two.

"In the course of about six weeks I had to change the matron for another, who, though quite as ignorant, was not so strong in the habit of leaving her duty in the workroom, and who did not waste so much time over long cherry-stick pipes. I cannot say that she never smoked. I wish I could. She even smoked now and then when cutting out her needlework—that is, when my back was turned, of course. Sometimes she would make an excuse for going to church. I watched her, and found that she went to a sister's to gossip and eat nuts and almonds. Still, she was much better than the former one. She was far more pleasant in manner, and her temper was calm.

"I was able at last to get the help of a Coptic girl in teaching embroidery. This was a very popular subject, for the mothers could and did sell their children's work. While at work the children made a very pretty scene. The Coptic girl would lean over each in turn, her net veil twisted in graceful folds over her shoulders, and a heap of bright-coloured skeins of silk lying beside her. The whole circle looked cheerful, and contented, and happy. Nor was the sight less pleasing from the contrast of what had been the daily life of these poor children before they were gathered within the walls of their school."

Yes, the work of school-keeping had its joys for Miss Whately, but it was trying work all the same. Every night she studied the morrow's lesson, even though at times she could scarcely keep her eyes open, she was so thoroughly worn out in the day. Get help she must, in some way or other.

By chance she heard of a native teacher, one Mansoor Shakoor. She went to see him, and found that he was a missionary in the employ of the Moslem Mission Society. He agreed to give her lessons in Arabic in his spare time, and would not take any fee though one was offered him. This meeting with Shakoor was a source of much future happiness for Miss Whately, for she learned Arabic very readily now, and could speak her thoughts to the dear little children as they could understand them. Then it happened that the Moslem Society grew short of funds. Miss Whately at once took Shakoor into her

regular employ, and he worked with her in the school. A further step was advanced when, finding the work growing too much for herself and her faithful Shakoor, she engaged the help of his brother Joseph.

At once a school for boys was started. It came about in this way. A dirty, ragged, little fellow of about seven was seen one day at the school door. He was the first who had come so near the school; for, as a rule, the boys kept their distance, and would not go where the girls were. On being asked what he wanted, he replied that he wished to be made into a girl, for his sister could read and he could not. Miss Whately was very much amused, and the thought came into her mind: "Why not have a boys' school too? The Shakoors could teach them, and I might be able to get other help with the girls."

For some time it troubled her. No further help seemed to be coming, and there was the little fellow, who wanted to be a girl, still in ignorance, and no one to tell him of God. Then she made up her mind to allow the boy to come to school with the girls for one day a week. This plan soon became known, and it was not long before other boys wanted to be girls, too. They came, and were allowed to stay, each one liking Miss Whately's school better than the one in which they were flogged because they did not get on fast enough in the Koran.

Next, a Sunday school was opened, and many came to be taught. The brothers Shakoor were a real help to Miss Whately, and were soon able

to take this part of the work on their own shoulders, giving Miss Whately one day a week in which she might visit the poor in the streets and lanes of the city.

The school grew apace, but Miss Whately was called home to Dublin. Her father, the good archbishop, died in the autumn of 1863, and she had to go to see to family affairs.

It was a sad home-coming for her; but, when all things were settled, she made her way back to her dear children in Cairo with the thought in her mind that every penny of the fortune her father had left her should be spent in their behalf.

## CHAPTER V.

### CALLED HIGHER.

HOW different did Miss Whately find things in Cairo on this next visit! The number of scholars had become so large that another house had to be found. As this could not be done, she made up her mind to have one built. It was a great undertaking, but under God's guidance and blessing "all things are possible."

About this time the Prince of Wales paid a visit to Cairo. He knew Miss Whately, and lost no time in finding her out. Learning of her great success and of her future plans, he pleaded with the Khedive for a grant of land on which the school might be built. The land was readily given; but, as it lay beyond the limit of the

old city wall, in a newly-formed district where the houses which were being built were all of the better class, a large and handsome school was thought to be the only one suitable to the neighbourhood.

Miss Whately let her plans be known in this country, and soon she had enough money to enable her to begin to build. Expenses increased on all sides, and, in the end, Miss Whately had to find three thousand pounds of her own money. This was no hardship for her, for she had come to Cairo never to leave it again, and to spend her strength and means for the good of the little ones whom she loved so much.

The school was built; teachers were found, and all things went merrily along.

Now Miss Whately turned once more to the poor. She had learned to know many women, some of whom she had helped in sickness and in need. That was in the days before the new school was built; but while building operations were in progress she had to give up visiting. The Oriental workman was one who needed to be pushed along, and Miss Whately was the only one to whom they would pay heed.

She found much distress in the lanes and in the dirty homes, as well as in the tents of the Bedouins, who dwelt beyond the city walls in the plain. Most of the poor people in that country have sore eyes. The soreness is caused by the sand. It becomes very hot, and as it blows about in the wind it causes the eyelids to become inflamed. This, with the habit of not washing,

produces a painful eye disease. Miss Whately turned her attention to this matter. It was distressing work; but, for the sake of her dear Lord, she did it without a murmur. And God gave her many blessings in her work.

During her first visits to Cairo she was often laughed at and insulted. At times she had even been pelted with rotten fruit and dirt. Now things had changed. She had done the women so much good, and so greatly did they now trust her, that no sooner did she enter a lane or a street than you might have heard the cry: "Here comes the good angel!"

To help her in this work Miss Whately obtained the services of a native Bible-woman, a good Christian, one who served the Lord faithfully.

This enabled her to add another sphere to her own already heavy work. She hired a *dahabyeh,* or river-boat, and in it made visits to villages along the Nile. Everywhere she went she was received with gladness. She took copies of the New Testament with her, and, wherever she found a person able to read, she left a copy in that place. In this way untold good was done. Her mission was thus extended, and many who would not, except for her, have heard of the Saviour were brought into His fold.

It was a sight never to be forgotten when once she went for the first time to a certain village on the banks of the river. The people had heard of her coming, and they waited for her arrival. No sooner had the *dahabyeh* come round a curve in the stream, with the Union Jack flying on

the top of a pole, than the people gave a shout of joy.

"Here are the people of the Book!" cried they. "Have you books for us? Come to our houses and read to us." Miss Whately got down from the boat, and, having found a fallen tree on which she could sit, she read of Jesus and the woman at the well. She had brought the Living Water to the Egyptian women. They were thirsty for it. They drank of it most eagerly.

On another journey some women crowded round her, and, after having heard her relate a New Testament story, they took her to an aged woman who was at the point of death. It was a sad scene. The woman was lying on a rush bed only barely covered with clothes. Her face and hands were drawn by pain, yet, in her eyes there was a glad, glad smile. What could it mean? This woman had heard Miss Whately twenty years before. She had been in Cairo on a visit, and had been among those who had gone to the school with the children—just to see what was being done with them. She had heard the story of Jesus taking up the little children in His arms and blessing them.

The words of our Saviour, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," had lived in her heart. She had repeated the story—it was the only one she could remember—to the women in her village. Now she was about to go to that same Saviour. "Does Jesus suffer big children to go to Him?" she asked of Miss Whately. Miss Whately had

barely time to lean over her and whisper softly, "Yes. Jesus receives big children too," when the poor soul's spirit went to God, who had given it.

It was bread cast on the water and seen after many days.

It was now 1889, and Miss Whately was showing signs of failing health. She wanted to pay one more visit to the Nile villages, and got a *dahabyeh* ready for that purpose. She went; but, after visiting a village where many people had come to her gladly to hear her message of peace and love, she became so ill as to allow herself to be taken back to the city. "Yes, I will go back and take a little rest," she said.

It proved to be her last, "long rest."

She had taken a severe cold, and, although two doctors attended her, they could not restore her. God wanted her now for Himself. It was one night in March. Her friend and maid were with her, when she grew worse all at once. The maid ran for the doctor, and, when he came, he saw that a great change had taken place in her. In a few minutes all was over.

Mary Whately's happy soul had gone to her dear Lord. She had left behind her many a good work, many a soul saved. As for herself, she had gone to that land where there is no more sighing, no tears; for God wipeth away "all tears from their eyes."

# MRS. GOBAT OF ABYSSINIA AND JERUSALEM.

## CHAPTER I.

### A LONG HONEYMOON.

IT was the year 1834.

The little church at Benggen, in Switzerland, was filled with a throng of festive people. They had come together to witness the marriage of a very interesting couple, and to offer them their heartiest wishes. The bride, who is the heroine of this story, was hardly twenty-one years of age, while the bridegroom was thirty-seven. They had known each other since the days of the bride's childhood, for when Marie Regina Zeller was but a little girl, attractive, playful, and merry, Samuel Gobat was a visitor to her father's home. He was a missionary student in those days, and for eight years he had served the Master's cause in Abyssinia, the Ethiopia of the Bible. Now he had come to marry the graceful young lady who was to be his "right hand" in the mission-field.

Two weeks afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Gobat bade farewell to home and friends, and started for Alexandria. The journey to Cairo was of the usual kind, by ship to Alexandria and by mule the rest of the way. Nothing of note happened till Cairo was reached. In this city, Mr. Gobat expected to find a supply of Bibles and other books for the mission-station in Abyssinia, for they had been despatched some time before he had started

from Benggen. They had not arrived, and he was perforce obliged to wait for them.

Mrs. Gobat was as anxious as her husband to reach the end of their journey, for the way was full of danger and difficulty, and she had already begun to feel the tiring effects of travel. She wanted, too, to begin work; to lead souls of the heathen into thoughts of Heaven, to teach men how to act and deal righteously as before their Father. To enable her to do this she commenced to study the Amharic tongue. Her teachers were her husband, who, you will remember, had spent eight years in Abyssinia, and a young Abyssinian student.

Yes, she made great progress in her studies, for when Abyssinia was reached she found herself quite able to converse with the natives with ease.

A start was made at last from Cairo. The party consisted of the two Gobats, Mr. and Mrs. Isenberg, two fellow-missionaries, and four others. There were also camels and donkeys to carry the goods. "We started," says Mr. Gobat, "with hearts full of hope. We had waited long, and now there was a goodly turn-out. We had a little furniture, for we expected to end our days in Abyssinia; we had each our own luggage; there was a large stock of provisions; and last of all, though by no means the least important, sixteen camels laden with Amharic books. These were two thousand Bibles, New Testaments, and separate portions of Holy Scripture."

Now think of the journey.

First of all there was a desert track to the Red Sea. This was easy enough to traverse, for all who journeyed that way went by the same route. It was pleasant, for the most part. The sun was hot, to be sure ; but tents were erected on the camels' backs and a shade was thus secured. It was a new experience for Mrs. Gobat, and you may be sure she liked it much. On passing through the villages on the way there were many things to attract her attention. Crowds of women and little children gathered round the strangers and asked for *baksheesh.* They put out their tawny hands for such gifts of coin as the travellers felt disposed to give them. Then, when the party went on, the same crowd followed them, still clamouring for *baksheesh.*

The sea at last came in sight. A *dhow* was engaged and away they sailed. The women here adopted the eastern dress—a long cloak, covering the head and falling over the shoulders, reached the feet. Their faces were closely veiled, and you could see only their eyes. The sun shone down with all his might, so that during the daytime the party had to seek shelter below the deck or under an awning. At eventide it was pleasant for them to walk about and try to talk to the Arab sailors.

At Jidda, a port on the Arabian coast, a halt was made, and, sad to say, Mr. Gobat was seized by an alarming illness. The heat had proved too much for him, and he was stricken down by sun-stroke, or something of a like nature. From this sickness he never quite recovered. Now and

then, during the remainder of his life, he was laid low by it, and at such times he was very ill.

At Massowah, having crossed to the African shore, he was so thoroughly exhausted that his young wife thought she would have to leave his body in that distant land and return home a widow. Many a time she thought it wrong to risk going farther, but there were the young missionaries to think of, and she made up her mind to leave all in the hands of God and to go on.

After some time, Mr. Gobat being somewhat better, the party moved forward, and in due course reached Adowa. They had now been eleven months on the way; but their hearts were made glad that after all God had brought them safely, though broken in health, to the mission-station, where there was work to be done.

As they entered the town the scene was very affecting. Many of the inhabitants had left their homes and their work, and had gone on the highway leading to the desert to meet the visitors. Mr. Gobat was kindly remembered by them as their late teacher, and they must welcome him with fondness and affection. Moreover, they were anxious to see the fair bride and her little one, who had been born on the way. Their shouts of joy rang in the air, and it seemed as though a time of great happiness was in store for teachers and taught alike.

Alas! this was not to be.

The winter was passed through fairly well, but when spring came, and there was a freshness in

the air, Mrs. Gobat had a severe attack of illness. Her husband, too, was so ill at the time that he could in no way help her. The two lay in the same room with the baby in the cot. Each thought that both would die, and that the little babe would be left an orphan, far, far from friends.

Some days were spent in this way, and, one evening, Mrs. Gobat was seized with a faint. Just at that moment a maid entered the room; and, seeing her mistress lying white and livid and motionless, she rushed from the room and told Mrs. Isenberg that her poor mistress was dead. A German doctor, Dr. Wolff, was soon in attendance, and by means of a sharp and severe remedy the faintness of Mrs. Gobat was overcome. She revived, though she never afterwards enjoyed such health as might be called robust.

It is not to be wondered at, that with such a spell of ill-health the Gobats made up their minds to return to Europe. They did this much against their wishes, but they felt that God had not willed that their lives should be spent in that sphere of work. He had, perchance, other work for them to do in another part of His vineyard. They would seek it and do it with all their might.

The lives of Mr. and Mrs. Gobat are an example of great patience and faith in God. Both had their hearts full of love for the heathen; both were suited for the work of teaching; and yet both were bowed down by ill-health.

You shall hear in the next chapter of their trials on their journey home.

## CHAPTER II.

### HOME.

THE welcome of Mr. and Mrs. Gobat into Adowa was a joyous one; their departure caused many tears. They had preached the Word of God and had taught the people for two years. Much good had been done, but Mr. and Mrs. Gobat were not to see the final results. To retrace their steps to Switzerland would bring back to their minds the many hopes that they had felt. They would be constantly reminded of their failure. They would, however, have this solace—they had done all in their power.

From Adowa to Massowah the journey was by mules. The desert seemed to them very, very dreary, for their hearts were sad. At Massowah they tried to get a convenient ship to carry them down the Red Sea, but all that could be obtained was a tiny Arab sea-boat. Comforts were thus not to be had. From the fiery sun's rays there would be but little shade. Indeed, the cabin was only a small one, and Mr. Gobat was scarcely able to stand upright in it. The deck was small, and there was but little room to take a walk.

All kinds of discomfort surrounded them; but there was one thing that cheered them—a little. It was that the journey would only last three weeks. Alas! even this joy vanished from them; for, instead of three weeks, they had to spend nearly six on board. The crew, of course,

were as much vexed at the delays which kept them back as the Gobats were, for they had only taken enough food on board to serve them for the expected time.

During the latter portion of the journey nothing but boiled rice was to be obtained, and, inasmuch as the fresh water had all been used, the rice was boiled in water which a beast would hardly have drunk. To invalids, such as the Gobats, this was a very serious matter. Their health could not possibly improve under these circumstances. To add to their trials, their little one fell sick while the mother and father were unable to nurse it, and attend to its cries. Nor was this all. The goat, which had been taken on board to provide milk for the infant, died.

Had God, then, quite forsaken them?

People of the world would have thought so. Not so the Gobats. Many a time they prayed to their Father in Heaven, and as they prayed they trusted in His love. Aye, and He brought them safe to land, but in a very worn-out and sad condition.

They touched land at Kosseir. Here they stayed for a few days until arrangements could be made for a desert ride. Their way was Nile-wards, across a desert more barren and lonely than that between Adowa and the sea. To face it not only demanded of them great courage but perfect trust in God.

The journey proved to be even worse than they had expected it to be. On the fourth day both the Gobats thought they would die. Mrs. Gobat was

quite cast down, so much so, indeed, that in writing her notes by the way she declared it to be the hardest day of her life. The heat of the sun was terrific.

On the Red Sea, where it is wont to be very great, it was bad enough to bear. Here it was worse. Their large sun-hats which would have protected them had long ago worn out, and they had thrown them away in the hope that they would be able to procure others. The brims of them would now have been a treasure. Their food? They had none but coarse meal, and the water they had was bad. The poor little babe grew worse day by day.

When she did not cry aloud she moaned sadly; and, as long as she could, Mrs. Gobat nursed her on her knee. At nights not a wink of sleep could be got. Eagles and beasts of prey lurked around the camp as though they knew there would soon be a death, which meant food for them. It was horrible to hear their screeches and their cries.

Often and often did the Gobats talk to each other quietly and ask what was best to be done, although in the presence and in the hearing of the drivers they had to assume a pleasant manner; for, if once the drivers had felt that their masters were losing heart, they would have given up the journey and returned to the sea. Such talks were always followed by prayer; and prayer, bringing them, as it did, close to the Father, cheered them and gave them hope.

Some years afterwards Mr. Gobat wrote an account of this terrible journey. He had never

forgotten it, and this is what he said of it: "At first eye-soreness attacked our little girl, and, as she grew weaker and weaker, brain-fever came on. Every step of the way became more trying and painful, especially to her mother, who could not bear to hear her groans, and yet could not endure the little sufferer to be far from her.

"The trials of the whole party were much increased by the shortness of water, which the wastefulness of the Arabs, our drivers, reduced to a still smaller quantity. Before long we found ourselves quite without it. One part of this journey I can scarcely look back upon without a shudder and tears. We were still a long day's journey from the valley of the Nile, where water was to be found. Our strength was nearly worn out, and we were all more or less unwell. I begged that one of our Arabs would go forward and fetch water; but they all refused, though I offered to pay almost any price for it; and so we had to start early in the morning.

"Our child had grown worse during the night, and seemed to suffer great pain; her groans and cries pierced the heart of her mother, who was over and over again obliged to take her in her arms and soothe her, though she herself was quite worn out. Already in the forenoon my wife asked me to allow her to alight and rest, but I, myself very tired, tried to encourage her by reminding her that we had no water, and that if we rested, we should not be able to reach any that day.

"But about noon, when the sun was burning

hot and the child crying, Madame Gobat was utterly cast down, and said in a decided, almost desperate, tone, 'Now we *must* rest; I can bear it no longer.' It nearly broke my heart; but I was sure from what I had gone through before that if we rested in that state of fatigue, without a drop of water to refresh our spirits, we would rather have lain down on the spot and died than remount our camels in time to reach the wells. I therefore hardened myself to the utmost of my power, and replied with firmness, 'No; we must go on;' but I turned aside to hide the tears which were coursing each other in abundance down my cheeks. Oh! how I prayed.

"A little before sunset we reached the longed-for wells of pure water, where we hoped to rest that night 'neath the shelter of an old wall. As we had only now one short day's ride to the Nile, over land which was tilled, we thought that the worst was over. But it was not to be so. The night was very cold, and our coverings were not enough to keep us warm; moreover, the malady of our child reached its worst. From the beginning of the night till daybreak she uttered piercing shrieks without respite. At daybreak the screams ceased, and the child fell asleep. Her mind had fled, only to return for one moment the next day to revive in us our fading hope.

"On reaching the Nile, we made no delay to engage a boat to take us on to Cairo, where we hoped to find a doctor; but it was two days before the boat could be got ready. We then sailed day and night for eight days, during which time the

sleeper never awoke, till it pleased God to take her on the eighth morning, three hours before reaching old Cairo.

"I then hurried into the town to find the Consul, where I learned that almost every European, at least all those whom I knew, had either died of plague, or left the country. Only Herr Leider, of the Church Missionary Society, was left. I went to his house, but he was not at home, nor could any one tell me where he was. I had to wait two hours in great agony of mind, for I thought it was of no use to go in search of him. I kept mourning for my first-born and grieving for my wife's sorrow.

"At last Herr Leider came, went with me to the Consul, and thence to a carpenter's to have a coffin made at once. This done, we went to old Cairo, and made haste to bury, in the old Coptic burial-ground, the remains of the child, which her mother had held upon her lap during the whole of that miserable day.

"It was a most trying time for us; but, blessed be God! it was the end of our prolonged trials."

Surely we can feel for these missionaries in their sad plight. How hard it was for them to suffer so far from friends and home!

For a season Mr. and Mrs. Gobat stayed in Cairo at the house of Herr Leider, where, after a little time, Mrs. Gobat gave birth to a second child. Do you remember that, when Rachel, the wife of Jacob and the mother of Joseph, gave birth to her second child, she was in great sorrow? Do you remember, too, that just at the point of death, for

she died, she called the name of her child Benoni, which means the son of sorrow? and that Jacob afterwards called him Benjamin? Mrs. Gobat remembered the story, and in her sorrow she called *her* child by the same name, Benoni.

But "joy cometh in the morning" to all the people of God. In their affliction Mr. and Mrs. Gobat kept up their spirits well. The mother nursed her child tenderly, and did everything for it with her own hands, for there was no woman to help her. Her husband alone was her support. See how he wrote of this: "To my wife there was something to be laughed at. It was I, her tall, long-bearded husband, dressed in a simple Arabian costume, pacing the large room and singing, badly enough, to the infant which he carried in his arms. To me it was delightful."

From Cairo to Alexandria they made a fairly happy journey, and in due time arrived in their native land. Their friends and neighbours were very much astonished to see them, for they had been told that they were dead.

A very interesting story is told on this point.

An old friend, a good Christian man, would never believe that Mr. and Mrs. Gobat were dead. He felt sure that some day, in God's own time, God would bring them home. One day Mr. Gobat's mother was in tears for her son's sake. No news had reached her from Abyssinia for a long time. To her, her son was dead.

"Do not yet mourn for your son," said the old man to her. "God will restore him to you, for he is alive." "How do you know?" asked the old

lady, with a gleam of hope in her weeping eyes. The man drew near to her, and softly, but with great faith, said, "I know he will come again. But yesterday I was praying for him, when suddenly I saw him and his wife alighting at your door. They had a son. I have not the least doubt that the thing will happen as I have seen it."

God does sometimes cheer His saints in their sorrow: and, you may be sure, this old man was His minister to Madame Gobat. Not long after, the vision came true, for Mr. and Mrs. Gobat *did* arrive, and with them they carried Benoni. For a year or two they lived amidst the mountains of Switzerland, going from place to place in search of health and strength. God gave it to them by degrees, though, with Mr. Gobat having as yet no appointment, they were very, very poor. Their friends helped them with home and food, and they blessed God for all His tender mercies towards them.

## CHAPTER III.

### LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

FOR two years, or thereabouts, Mr. and Mrs. Gobat lived in Switzerland, and afterwards, for a short time, at Malta, where Mr. Gobat had been appointed master of a Protestant college.

They were both happy in their work, and neither sought nor wanted a change. Then a surprise came to them. Mr. Gobat was nominated Bishop

of Jerusalem, and a letter reached him asking him to accept the appointment without delay. For a moment or two he was so astonished that he did not know what to do or say. Here he was, struggling hard for a living, happy in his work and home, children clinging to his knees, and yet no prospect for them in the years to come.

As a bishop, his life and work would be happier still. It would be in his power to promote the welfare of a large number of churches. His wife, not yet quite strong in health, would have fewer worries and cares. He and Mrs. Gobat talked the matter over, and laid the letter before the Lord. They prayed about it; and, on rising from his knees, so firmly had he made up his mind that the Lord had called him to another sphere of work, that he wrote: "I made up my mind at once that, as God had led me at all times before, so now He was pointing out a new way. I must accept the call."

As soon as possible Mr. Gobat came to London to be consecrated to his office, while his wife made preparations for the journey to Jerusalem. In due course they both set sail for Alexandria, and reached that city in safety.

The year was 1846.

At that time many trading vessels sailed the Mediterranean Sea between Europe and Alexandria, but to cities farther away there was but little travelling. Accordingly, the Gobats had to stay at Alexandria until a vessel could be got for their use. By and by they secured the *Hecla*. It was a small steamer, and not very sound. After a

rough voyage the *Hecla* dropped anchor off Jaffa, and a boat from land put out to take the party on shore. In this little trip Mr. Gobat nearly lost his youngest child.

He tells the story: "Each time the boat was lifted up on the crest of a wave my children were handed to my wife one after another. When it came to the turn of the youngest, aged six months, he was about to be placed in the hands of his mother, when the boat suddenly dipped beneath the waves. The sailor, thinking that my wife had caught the child, let go his hold, and I trembled as I saw him falling through the air. My wife, however, had the presence of mind to spread out the skirt of her dress to catch him, and so he was saved." Next day all their goods were safely landed.

In less than a week they were within sight of the Holy City. Their entry into Jerusalem was one that promised success to their mission, for many people, having heard of their coming, went out to welcome them. So much did this impress Bishop Gobat, that for many years afterwards that day was kept as a general holiday each year.

Mrs. Gobat's work was now among the women and children of her husband's schools. See the hand of God in this. See how He had prepared His handmaiden for this work in Malta. There she had learned the art of teaching, and a love for it had grown into her soul. It was by no means easy work, for the people were very, very much opposed to Christ's Gospel. They were Islams,

and many who wanted to learn of God were kept from Him by their relatives and friends.

For thirty-two years Mrs. Gobat toiled on, and by that time she could count as many as fourteen hundred children under her care. Of course, these were not all in one school, but in several. Every one of her pupils she knew by name, and those who were orphans had her special attention. Do you think the schools cost her anything besides love and care? Aye, it took much money to keep them supplied. Most of this came out of her own pocket, but she gave it without a murmur, for she was doing His work—the work of her Father in heaven.

Many times the district was disturbed by bloodshed of the people by the Turks; many times, too, there were famines and pestilences. The price of food was high at these times, and the Gobats were hard put to keep their scholars from starvation.

Perhaps the most difficult year was the year 1860. Palestine was in tears from end to end owing to the massacre of the Maronites—Roman Catholic Christians—by the Druses. By fire the villages were destroyed, and by sword the people were killed. For many weeks you might have heard lamentations and great mourning. Little babes were torn from their mothers' breasts and cut to pieces before their eyes. Husbands, sons, fathers, even the aged men, who were helpless and could offer no defence, were butchered for the mere sake of slaughter. Women ran about in their terror, and, weary and faint, they laid themselves down in solitary places to die. Eleven

thousand Christians were butchered, twenty thousand were made widows or orphans, three thousand Christian homes were burned to the ground, and several thousands of pounds' worth of property was destroyed.

The home of the Gobats was not safe from danger. Every moment an attack might be made upon it; but the bishop was firm in his trust in God. His people joined him and looked to him for help. He could look only to God. His prayer on this occasion shows the heart of the man. In the midst of his flock he stood, and with his face turned to the skies he gave himself and them into God's keeping. God's will should be *his* will: "If we must be chastised, O Lord, let us fall into the hands of God; but let us not fall into the hands of men."

God answers the prayers of His faithful people. He did so now. In some way or other the Druses had heard that armies from Europe were about to fall upon them, and they made haste to hide themselves in the caves of the hills, while some of them went into desert places far from the abodes of men. Thus, in this wonderful way, the edge of the sword was turned, and Jerusalem was left in peace.

The strain on the bishop, however, had been great, and for some weeks he lay at the point of death. Mrs. Gobat, at the time, was away at Nazareth, where Christ was brought up, but, hearing of her husband's illness, she journeyed with all speed to Jerusalem and tended him with loving affection and care.

Another time of trial came in 1865. In that year there was a great want of water, and many plants and trees perished. The harvest was a poor one, and, to add to the distress, a plague of locusts was experienced. Everything green that the drought had left was eaten up by millions of these pests. Dead and starving people, poor widows and orphans, were numerous, and the Gobats were in a severe strait. Their wants were made known in England, and by the kindness of English and German friends much misery was prevented.

A friend of the Gobats was once asked what it was that made the mission under their care so successful. There could only be one answer. It was this: the Gobats loved their God, their people, and their work. Mrs. Gobat, in particular, was devoted to the work. She was happy in it. She entered into the needs of the people, and shared with them their sorrows; she comforted them, and her happy frame of mind was always a blessing to the down-hearted and distressed.

Her greatest pleasure was to know that she had been of some use to somebody. She was a kind giver, and she seemed to know what was wanted without being asked. If she had, by any mistake, hurt the feelings of any one, she could not rest till she had put matters right. For this reason she had no enemies. On the other hand, she could count her friends by thousands.

In the family circle the Gobats' happiness was complete. Bound together, as they were, in love, this could not help but be so. Both father

and mother were of one mind. They trained their children as if they were to be priests of the Lord.

Here is a picture of a summer's day. It is hot, and the Gobats have gone from the city into a vale where shade may be obtained. Towards evening the boys and girls have their games. Mother and father join in the romp and in the fun. At a signal play ceases, and all repair to a fig-tree near. Beneath its wide-spreading branches and fleshy leaves they sit, they chat. Then the father rises and gives voice to prayer. Now all minds are turned from thoughts of earth to things in heaven. There is calm, peaceful quiet and rest. They sing a hymn. Mrs. Gobat reads of the Gentle Shepherd, and, as they look adown the vale and see the eastern shepherd leading his flock to the fold, and perhaps carrying a tired lamb in his arms, she pauses to drive the lesson home.

They sing once more. Then the bishop, with emotion in his voice, commits them all into the care and keeping of Him who careth more for them than a shepherd careth for his sheep. With fond adieus they bid each other "Good-night," and sleep the sleep of the innocent.

Their tent one summer was broken into by thieves, though none of them was harmed. In the dead of night some desert robbers entered their tent. They took money, clothes, and food, and so quiet were they in carrying out their plans, that not even the watch-dog was disturbed. They must have hurried away with their booty, for in

the morning an Arab blade was found a few yards from the tent. Had a sleeper awoke and raised a cry, it is most likely he or she would have been killed.

## CHAPTER IV.

### "EVERLASTING LIFE IN THEE."

A MUCH-NEEDED rest was taken by the Gobat family in 1878. The bishop was now nearly eighty years of age, and he had a great longing to see his European friends before his death. He had also to prepare for the future of his children. To his people in Jerusalem and district he made a solemn promise that he would return and die among them.

They journeyed to Switzerland, and spent some happy days there, visiting and receiving visits. Their old friends gathered round them, and their joyful chats and company made time fleet swiftly by. As is often the case with men who are taking, as they think, a rest from toil, the bishop was really doing more than his strength would permit. Had he been in Jerusalem, he would not have been more tired than he felt now, for he went about a great deal.

At the end of four months he was stricken down by a severe illness. It was thought every moment by his wife that after all he would not die among his people in Jerusalem, but among the dear ones at home. Indeed, she was resigned to this, and never expected to leave her native land again.

But God ordered otherwise. The bishop regained a little of his usual strength, though, you will remember, he had never quite overcome the effects of his illness at Jidda while on his way to Abyssinia, and declared he was well enough to return. His friends urged him to stay, but he had already made up his mind, and, as soon as possible, his family took its departure once more. Each of the party felt sure it would be the bishop's last sea-voyage.

God sustained His servant, and, in due course, Jerusalem was reached. For three months longer he toiled in his churches and schools, Mrs. Gobat having now to give up all work except that of caring for her husband. Easter-tide came, and with it the special services which are wont to be held at that period of the year. The bishop was overtaxed, and once more illness laid him low. Every one about him knew that death was drawing near, and, quietly, without a murmur, he lost his grip of earth, and was welcomed by his Father in heaven. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

She who felt his loss the keenest was his adoring wife. She had toiled with him in times of danger, and had rested with him in hours of peace. Their life together had been one long day of happiness. Now the silver cord was loosed, and she was left to mourn. Her great heart, which ever throbbed for those in sorrow, was nearly broken; but her Christian spirit turned to the Lord: "Let Him do what seemeth

Him good." It was hard, yet heroic. Not long could she remain behind, for feebleness seemed to grow upon her suddenly, and more and more each day. Her loneliness, too, without the one she loved, told upon her health.

See her there as she writes to an absent one of her household. Her face is at one time sad. She is thinking of him who is gone. Now it beams. Her thoughts are with him in heaven. She can almost hear his voice. She can surely see the Lamb and the great white throne. What has she written?

"My feelings are very mixed. I am thankful to God for all the great mercy which He has shown to your dear father during his long life; I thank Him, too, that I have been permitted to serve Him for five-and-forty years, side by side with your father, and to enjoy so much tender love from and through him. I rejoice that I had strength to tend him in his last hours, and watch his peaceful departure. I know, my heart tells me, that he is now at home,

'For ever with the Lord.'

But the feeling of loneliness, of an unspeakable void, weighs upon me. It is, oh! so hard to bear. At first I suffered from bodily illness, so that I was sadly homesick for my dear husband, who was always so kind, so thoughtful for me.

"Your brothers and sisters round me now are kind, too, and do all they can to show their love and devotion for me. My love to your dear children! I ought to love them doubly now as

he, my husband, is gone; but, as 'love never faileth,' surely they still have his love. Love from Heaven! How beautiful! May God be with us all, and may He fill up the gap. Continue to love and pray for your lonely mother."

Mrs. Gobat must indeed have been a sweet and holy woman. The thought that our dear ones, who have before us been called home, love us still, is surely a most happy one, and should cheer us till we meet them again, safe on that happy shore. With her God, she had close communion, as is shown by her prayers. She opened out her heart to Him, and was in every sense His servant.

As such she spake: "O Lord, long-suffering and gracious, tender-hearted and full of compassion, how many years hast Thou added to my life, and, as yet, I am as a barren fig-tree—unworthy to be suffered; although Thou, O Heavenly Gardener, hast not failed to dig, to prune, and to do all that ought to have made me a tree, bearing fruit to Thine honour and glory. Oh! spare me yet. Continue Thy working in me till I have wholly given myself up to Thy constraining love. O Lord Jesus, Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world, make *me* feel assured that Thou hast taken *my* sins on Thee, and that *I* am free from them. I weep, that I have given Thee so much to bear; yet, give me grace to be taught by Thy Holy Spirit, to be led by Him, and not to resist His warnings.

"I fear, O Lord, that this is one of the causes

of my not enjoying more the gracious promises of Thy Holy Word, and not having that peace which passeth all understanding. Give me grace to wrestle and pray, and not faint till I have fully found Thee, until I have *everlasting life in Thee.* Let me be a mother in Israel, a priestess in Thy temple, a Mary sitting at Thy feet now, when I cannot be a Martha going in and out serving Thee, visiting the members of our flock."

Yes, Mrs. Gobat had served as faithfully as she could, and the Lord was ready to call her higher, that she might continue in heaven the worship she had begun on earth. She was growing quite helpless, and she felt her loss of strength. To her children, who stood round her, one day she said, "I shall soon now follow your dear father. I can do no more work in Jerusalem. My—task—is—o'er."

The Sabbath came, and Mrs. Gobat asked for the prayers of the Church. Monday she was worse, and could not sit up in bed. Her daughter tells the incident of her death. She says: "On Wednesday, she asked me to read to her one of her favourite hymns. I chose the one in which come the words, 'I thank Thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care.' 'Ah,' said my mother, 'that is true. I have always had something to thank God for.' On Thursday night, we found her mind quite gone. She knew no one. She could not hear, nor could she speak. The prayers we offered were heard by the Father, without her knowing what they were. But we knew she was

ready to go; we knew in Whom she had put her trust, for her whole life had been witness enough.

"She was very restless for some hours; but, thank God! she did not linger long in pain. Acute brain fever came on, and on the 1st of August 1879, she quietly breathed her last. Twelve weeks after father's! Truly they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not long divided. We laid her beside him in the still new grave, under the shadow of a spreading olive tree, fit emblem of the peace they now enjoy. At the burial, many of the people wept bitterly, and in their tears they said, 'Now we have indeed become orphans.' All felt that a mother in Israel had been taken from their midst."

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